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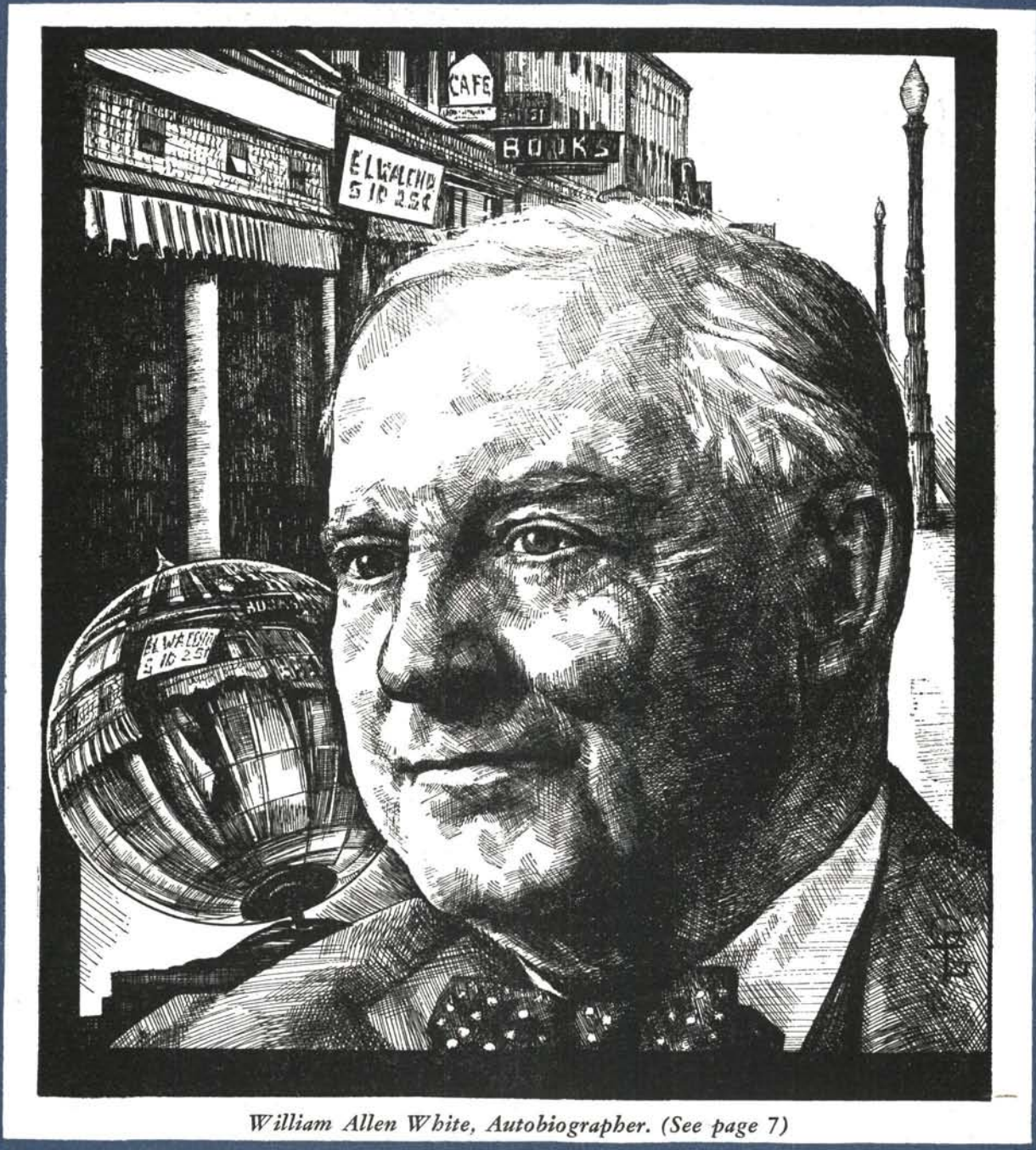

William Allen White, Autobiographer. *(See page 7)*

Three Centuries of Warning–and Hope

By HEINRICH MANN

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This Week

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Article

PAGE

THREE CENTURIES OF WARNING—AND HOPE
By Heinrich Mann..... 5

HEINRICH MANN: DREAMER AND REALIST
By F. C. Weiskopf..... 6

1945 ANISFIELD-WOLF AWARD.....21

Reviews

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
Reviewed by Will Irwin..... 7

WHILE YOU WERE GONE
Edited by Jack Goodman
Reviewed by William S. Lynch..... 8

REPORT AFTER ACTION
By Ralph Muller and Jerry Turk
Reviewed by Col. Joseph I Greene...10

SUB ROSA
By Stewart Alsop and Thomas Braden
Reviewed by Brig. Gen. Donald Armstrong 11

THE CASE AGAINST THE NAZI WAR CRIMINALS
Statement by Robert H. Jackson and Other Documents
Reviewed by Lewis Mumford.....13

FANTASTIC MEMORIES
THE MAZE
By Maurice Sandoz
Reviewed by Basil Davenport.....18

OF MANY MEN
By James Aldridge
Reviewed by Harrison Smith.....19

ELIZABETH AND LEICESTER
By Milton Waldman
Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly.....21

AGRICULTURE IN AN UNSTABLE ECONOMY
By Theodore W. Schultz

UNEASY MONEY
By Edward H. Faulkner
Reviewed by Russell Lord.....23

TO WHOM PALESTINE?
By Frank Gervasi
Reviewed by Kurt Weinberg.....25

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE PICTURE STORY
By Daniel D. Mich and Edwin Eberman
Reviewed by Roger Butterfield.....26

THE STORY OF WOODROW WILSON
By Ruth Cranston
Reviewed by Edgar Sisson.....44

ARTISTS ON ART
Edited by Robert Goldwater and Marco Treves
Reviewed by Horace M. Kallen.....48

Departments

STRICTLY PERSONAL
By Thomas Sugrue.....28

EDITORIAL 30

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....31

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf.....32

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....38

LITERARY I.Q.....48

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....54

THE NEW RECORDINGS.....56

LITERARY CRYPT.....57

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét 59

DOUBLE-CROSTIC: No. 624.....63

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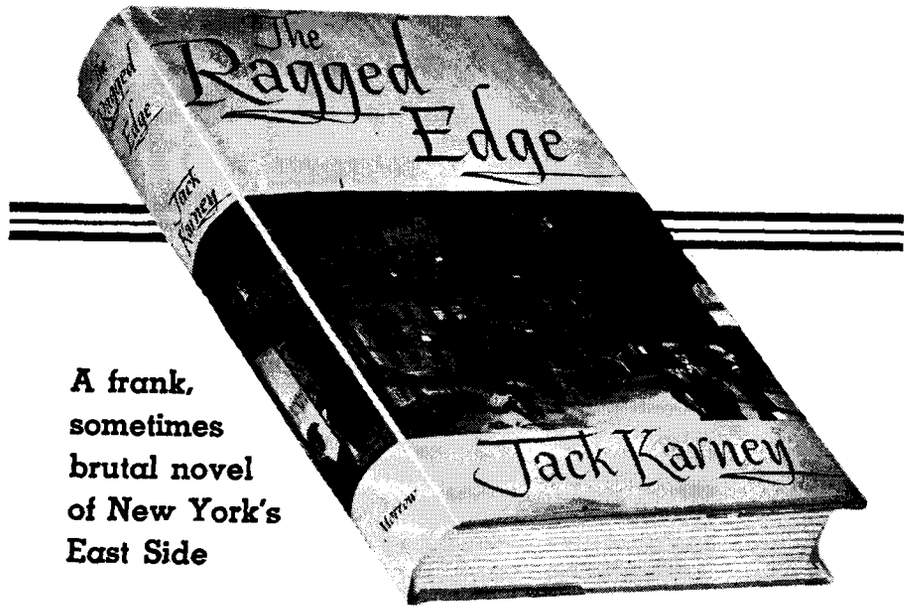

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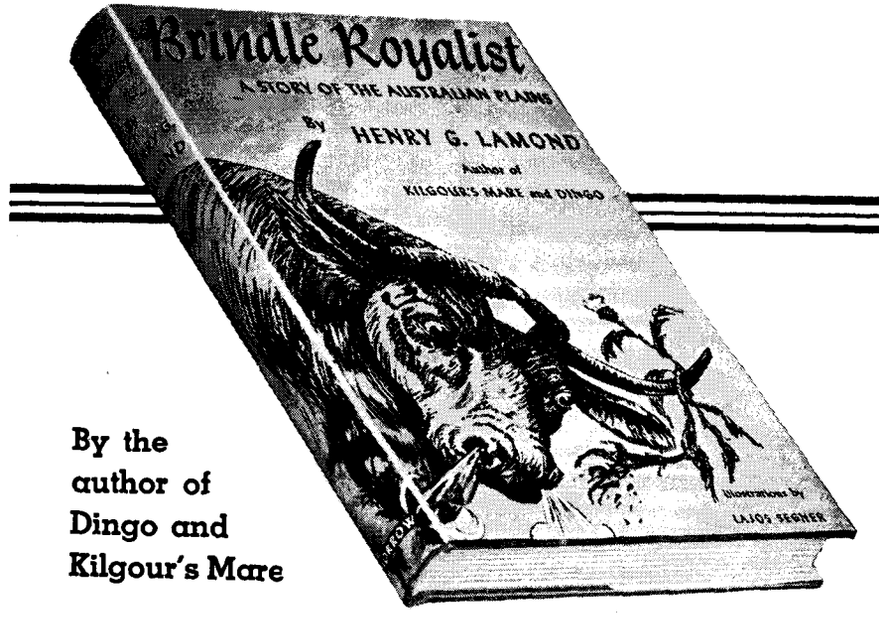
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"I'd rather live all my life on Norwich Town Green and then be hung at the Cross Keys than go anywhere else and die a natural death."—OLD SAYING

IT WAS in 1940 that a posthumous manuscript was pulled out of our office safe for reading with a view to publication. It was the second of two manuscripts which Winifred Welles left; she had died two years before and we had already put the first, her final volume of verse, into manufacture. This was called THE SHAPE OF MEMORY, and it was her seventh book of poetry. The second script was called THE LOST LANDSCAPE and it was, to our surprise, prose. Winifred Welles had never before, to our knowledge, written in prose. What was it about? The first reader reported in tones somewhat hushed with emotion that it was one of those books; you fell in love with it, you cherished it, and you read it again and again. Reader after reader came to the manuscript, and away from it with similar feelings. Their reports glowed with a love and tenderness that is usually reserved for letters to one's dearest friend. Editors and salesmen were unanimous. Nobody even talked about whether it would sell or not; it was a personal and private feeling—so private that no one even attempted to describe what was in it. But we all knew, each for ourselves, what it contained for each of us.

That is why it is difficult, even for one who is accustomed to writing to the public about books, to describe THE LOST LANDSCAPE, for it is entirely unconventional in conception and form, and it contains so much in its materials and writing that the task of "blurbing" is approached with a great feeling of inadequacy. We will try to put it simply.

In Connecticut there is a town called Old Norwich, Winifred Welles's birthplace and family home. The book opens with the poet's memories of her childhood, of the big house built by a sea captain in 1761, of Grandfather who lived in the Downstairs Bedroom; he was Judge Hoyt whose sharp, humorous tongue bespoke a tolerant but accurate estimate of the foibles of the human race, whose shrewd, lively mind watched with tireless interest the changes in his town, his state, and the nation. There were the brothers, Ned the wild one who had the encounter with the swimming deer, and Sam, the older one who could remember whole parts of the family life before Winifred was born. There is the round of life in the big, comfortable home, the jubilant peal of sleighbells shattering the perfect stillness of a Connecticut winter morning, the chilled milk in silver mugs, the "corner" biscuits that the children always wanted, the private school run by Miss Cynthia and Miss Arabella. There is vigorous story-telling, character-drawing, and the vital atmosphere of a New England world, vestiges of which still remain for those who survey this lost landscape today.

AND FOR the young girl, there was another lost landscape in the attic. Possibly only a dreamy child can fully grasp—or wants to—the difference between an attic—a family storeroom—and a public secondhand shop. Among all the old junk, objects once loved, used, or worn or made by those of one's own blood, she found an inescapable and tender significance. The child, wandering among such outcast but still surviving fragments of other times, saw herself not as an isolated figure, shelterless and undirected, but as a partaker, a marcher in a long processional that had passed under her very own roof: the Chinese vase filled with the family silver and buried when the British burned New London in 1871; the powder horn carried by a soldier-doctor in the French and Indian Wars; the trunk of letters from the 19-year-old lad who died in the Battle of Antietam, with them a bullet and his mother's note —"the Minnie Ball that killed my son." Death was diminished, and life enlarged. The past and the future were closely integrated, yet as distinctly separate as the two sides of a medal. The strength of her desire to hold that medal in the hollow of her hand, to scrutinize, to remember, and to dream, is the core of what Winifred Welles tells in THE LOST LANDSCAPE.

PART II of THE LOST LANDSCAPE reaches back to Dr. Jonathan Adgate, surgeon of three wars, and tells his full story from 1740 to 1815. One after another, the lives of his descendants are re-created, their stories marching down the years, forming in their richness and variety such a piece of New England Americana as all lovers of this country's past will cherish. The mood changes, from time to time; there is, for instance, the sly humor of Mother's and Father's courtship in fashionable Block Island in the eighties.

Swinging around again to the poet's childhood, with a great deal more about Old Norwich and its people, THE LOST LANDSCAPE in its rich, retrospective mood is a sort of healing book, the spiritual testament of a poet who made many lives her own. That it is the very stuff of a living past, to hold in the hand, is its wonderful magic. It is like no other book we have read in all the years of reading books, and if we have imparted but a paltry whiff of its flavor and its beauty, it is because the words of many mouths, forever stilled, are ever more real and true and humbling than those of the advertising artisan.

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By *Winifred Welles*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Three Centuries of Warning—and Hope

HEINRICH MANN

The following essay, now first translated for the SRL *by James A. Galston, is part of an introduction to an anthology of German literature to be published for German prisoners of war by the Aurora Press, which is conducted by a group of anti-Nazi German writers now in this country. The anthology will be entitled "Morgenroete"—"Morning Glow." Heinrich Mann has been a resident of the United States since 1940, and is now in California. On March 23 he will celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday.*

THERE were days in Germany on which there would be a play of color in the sky—now tenderly roseate, now salmon yellow, now liquid gold. The splendor would spread; then, gradually becoming attenuated and feeble, it would give way to a wan luminosity. Perhaps no more than a half hour had passed.

The process on the horizon has its counterpart among men. Much more rarely, though, than the sun accomplishing its rising and setting do people become inflamed, as if a new life were beginning. Once more they consider it worth while to believe and to fight for peace and justice—the eternal desire of their spirit. Nowhere and never has this desire really been fulfilled in thousands of years. It may be that Germany's efforts were less strenuous than those made by contemporary nations; but even the latter were not numerous, and there were reverses.

Knowing, as we do, Germany's predicaments and the recurrence of an incomparable collapse after hardly conceivable guilt, it is both wonderful and touching that voices like those which have been justifiably collected in this anthology could still be raised. What book has ever offered so much well-founded testimony—some of it three hundred years old, but concurring with that of most recent date—to the effect that in spite of so many failures there is still room for hope for Germany? The bitterness of the word does not obliterate confidence, and wrath is an inspiration to courage. Here, joined by the young disciples, speaks the great old crew which makes a language live, even though the country should perish.

But a country with a vital and ringing literature does not perish. Were its literature to be abrogated, forgotten even, that literature would still keep on living secretly. Its literature is proof of a country's profound and true will: Germany's literature has always been directed toward justice and peace. She is not on that account deserving of special commendation. Every people, the German included, obeys its primitive nature, its need to preserve life and to improve it. Every great literature advocates the cause of peoples who want to live—the cause of humanity, looking toward a day when all will attain either a worthy existence, or none.

Of its own accord, for the sake of its economic welfare, no people has ever desired war, wherefore it was unfailingly told that it was attacked. Peoples, their unexplored conscience, realize that they all can be but losers through war. The few individuals who want to win a war at the expense of a people, particularly at the expense of an allegedly victorious people, have found it increasingly difficult to dupe their followers. In the case of the Germans they were once more successful. It took a considerable expenditure of false suicidal teachings and fraudulent destructive promises; fulfillment was confined to the matter of the "rolling heads"—until everything was rolling.

Heinrich Mann: "What her great literature had long done, Germany had neglected to do—search her conscience."

OPPOSED to this stood the entire great literature of the Germans. It should have sounded a warning—would have sounded it; however, for a fatal span of time it had been crowded out of human consciousness. The realization of common human values, of the true meaning of great literature, had been replaced in Germany by a blind mania, called power. But what good is power when human fellowship is disregarded? In the end, evilly intended power turns out to be impotence, as we have recently seen. What her great literature had long done, Germany had neglected to do—search her conscience.

To evaluate human life correctly would seem more natural and fundamentally simpler than to make it unbearable by means of fabricated untruths. That does not make it any easier, though, for truth is not easily conceived by the mind. But how is it that the great literatures reveal fundamentally equal trends of mind, spirits acting upon equal principles? A critic—it was Leibnitz—declared: "In fact, all I have read is correct," for basic intentions had everywhere been correct. Wherever he looked, the concern had been for human dignity, its maintenance, its advancement by means of knowledge. Justice and peace have ever been the goals of that concern.

Great literatures ought to be unmistakable; they are simple, they are uniform in human values. Take all the fine things ever written, without distinction of personal expression. Then Goethe is like Marx, Hoelder-

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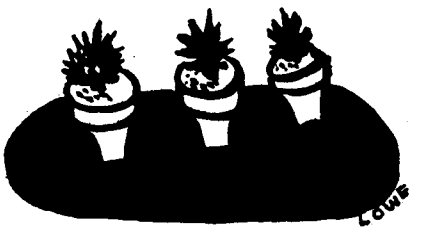
lin like Fichte, Nietzsche approximately like Nestroy. Respect for what is human is a foregone conclusion as soon as someone dips a pen. How could he acquire the courage to step forward, to assume distinction, if he were not deeply in earnest about fundamental values? He will not deviate from them; he can make them conscious of their potentialities.

Those who found fault with man most keenly demanded of him more even than did the lenient. The masters of gloom are likewise the inventors of the glamorous; and it had to be a German without illusions who first proved the possibility of Eternal Peace. It is difficult at times to visualize Kant among Germans, or Germans as his companions. To assume national responsibility for this height of inspirited humanity, and then to behave as if it were null and void, to side against humanity to one's own dreadful depravity: why was the land of the Germans singled out for that fate?



Its indivisible character could not originally have so destined it; opposed to that stands its great literature, which refutes and altogether repudiates an inhuman Germany. There it is, standing up consistently for a well-intentioned Germany, desirous of being friends with the world. But literature may be forgotten, may be falsified.

A people that had little luck as a nation. Late in growing into a nation, it bungled along in its political undertakings, exaggerating, overpainting. Everything bore the imprint of vengeance: that explains a good deal. Quick success, more than no success at all, makes for the growth of discontent. Distrust tormented the newly admitted member among the world's powers. It would have felt easier if not a power.

But since it was, it must become the only one. That alone, it was wrongly assumed, could alleviate envy and fear. A strange *quid pro quo* started to take place. The unnaïve self-conceit of a nation of medium proportions, which at bottom knew all about itself, was to be given the stamp of genuineness, provided it were to succeed in quickly subjugating the whole world. Wrong, totally wrong! The nation's superiority would thus not really be proved, neither would its competence to be master of the world. The conquerors, the dispassionate and therefore long successful ones, were foreign to all of Europe in origin and manner, unless they were perhaps far ahead of it.

Rome as well as the France of the Revolution did well to carry its ac-

(*Continued on page* 58)

HEINRICH MANN: *Dreamer and Realist*

F. C. WEISKOPF

IN one of his truly remarkable literary essays which, unfortunately, are not available to the English reader, Heinrich Mann thus speaks of Emile Zola:

> The writer who, among all the others, was destined to embrace the greatest measure of reality remained for a long time but a dreamer. Only those who are bound to dry up very early present themselves in their beginning twenties as finished masters of the world. A creator grows slowly into manhood. Zola was *the* poeticizing young man who is full of devotion and faith before he learns to doubt and to assert himself. . . . Out of the work arises the idea, out of the work arises the fight. Zola's predecessor, Flaubert, did not yet possess that knowledge. For Flaubert did not fight, he only despised. To him, the idea did not spring from the work but from the form. He did not paint (as Zola did) a humanity at work, he only described the stupidity of men. He did not love his century, his contemporaries. . . . Flaubert was famous, without pomposity, and helpful, a good man, and yet he created around himself neither movement nor warmth. When he grew old, he was not even venerable. For the esthetic has no age. Authority, venerability, every high human effect is with the moralist alone.

As anybody familiar with Heinrich Mann's personality and work will easily recognize, in this portrait of Zola there are as many traits of the portraitist as of the portrayed.

They are essential traits of the portraitist. He, too, grew but slowly into manhood after a dreamy childhood in the patrician home of Senator Mann, wheat merchant at Luebeck, and after formative years in Italy, full of poeticizing and dabbling in various arts.

His first serious attempt at writing was a novel, "Inside a Family," a sort of forerunner of his brother Thomas's "Budenbrooks." It was dedicated to Paul Bourget, and Thomas Mann, in a speech at the celebration of Heinrich's sixtieth birthday, remarked with a twinkle that the young author especially admired "the delicate psychology of the conservative Frenchman, as in general, dear brother, your conservative period lay in your youth."

Literary conservatism was soon discarded. The enormous fresco of "The Goddesses, or the Three Novels of the Duchess of Assy" was something new and entirely anticonventional in the German literature of the first years of this century. The story of Violante, Duchess of Assy, a belated Renaissance woman trying out the mastery of life as Diana the adventuress, as Minerva the ruling princess, and finally as Venus the courtesan, aroused, with its wild symphony of color and romantic passions, the enthusiasm of a small young vanguard and the horror of the "respectable" critics.

But even in the garb of romanticism, there is already that search for truth, that burning interest in the contemporaneous world, that deep love for people that characterize the whole work of Heinrich Mann.

The march toward reality begins. "The Small Town," a successor to "The Goddesses," has still the latter's Italian setting, but modest dwellings replace the palaces, average burghers and little actors the Renaissance aristocrats and upper class adventurers. The exuberance of romantic passions and dreams is tempered by satire.

With "Professor Garbage" (recently published in English under the title of "Small Town Tyrant") Heinrich Mann found his proper field. He describes, explores, and exposes the German society of his time in a manner quite alien to the prevalent type of *Erziehungsromane*, novels of the (sentimental or unsentimental) education of an individual hero, with the historical, political, and social aspects of his world sketched only hazily and fragmentarily.

"The writer of our days is granted every right to be a virtuoso and Mephisto," wrote Heinrich Mann in a recent article, "with only one exception: as to the social truths—which we ought to think over and absorb as we are accustomed to do with the psychological ones—we must be very simple and serious." According to this rule, Heinrich Mann has at times displayed all the magic tricks of an experimental style-vir-

(*Continued on page* 57)

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One Man in His Time

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 649 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by WILL IRWIN

TO anyone who has followed the career of that unique American, an autobiography of William Allen White seems on first thought almost superfluous. His life was a whole library of open books, some of which he had written himself. He was still in his early thirties when he began in the *Emporia Gazette* and the magazines to expose and to guy the callow fledgling that he was in his university and apprentice days. Afterward, hundreds of his so-called editorials in the *Gazette* were snatches of remembered things or revelations of his inner life; and no writer for publication ever put on paper his innermost thought more honestly and candidly. Also several painstaking biographies by intimates, such as David Hinshaw and Everett Rich, appeared either during his lifetime or immediately after his death—an unusual honor for a man who never held public office.

Yet to the White addict, this suave and swift autobiography with its quick shift of moods from grave to gay, its insight, its occasional flavor of the prophet, tells old familiar tales with new illumination and is as fresh and absorbing as though the author were a new literary acquaintance and his career a discovery. In a passage frankly discussing his own work, White doubts if anything of his, except perhaps the obituary of his daughter Mary, will last more than a decade after his death—and this in a book which, this reviewer believes, may be a permanent part of our social history! Nothing else I know in American literature gives so effectively the feeling of a West just emerging from the pioneer period as the earlier chapters, nothing more fully the merits and limitations of small-city life and the meanness of small-city politics as the middle part, and when he comes to the era when national politics absorbed his best energies he adds many an important page to the authentic record of the times. There are "inside" stories like that of the barbed-wire concealed under the bunting at the Republican National Convention of 1912, put there to save Elihu Root's life in case the Progressives rushed him when he reported the accredited delegates, and the meeting between Mrs. Albert B. Fall and President Harding when he was on the way to Alaska and to death. There are political anecdotes which have never seen print—some of them condensed novels; some humorous, some appalling. Finally, there are literally hundreds of character sketches, done with a novelist's skill, of people both eminent and obscure.

Most interesting of these characters is perhaps the humorous, reckless, valiant "Doc" White, his father. Biographers, looking at the family from the outside, have stressed the influence of Mary Ann Hatten, his intellectual, Spartan, and utterly humorless Irish mother, who fought in her own way for abolition and came to Kansas to teach the children of Negro freedmen. But the son himself seems to give much of the credit for what he was, and the blame for what he was not, to this self-taught physician and shrewd Yankee trader. As pictured by his son, he was a three-dimensional character, full of human flaws and inconsistencies. He declared for woman suffrage when that proposal was only a feeble joke, he had entertained Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, but through some superior masculine sense of the unfitness of the proceeding he refused to let Mrs. White wear a watch. What she did about that, eventually, let the reader find out for himself. Although a permanent marriage, it was also an odd one, and in describing it White displayed again his extraordinary talent for writing intimately without violating good taste. The letters of their courtship, which their son found in the attic after his mother's death, are, with his comments, a novel of Victorian life.

The thumb-nail sketches are equally stimulating to the imagination; Bent Murdock, the country editor-politician; old "Major," the town banker who carried him while the *Gazette* was struggling for a foothold (and the peculiar reason why); the romantic General Funston; newspaper men, some drunken, some sober, who revelled in their craft in that day when journalism "was not a commercial undertaking but a romantic adventure;" politicians great and small; the eminent of his time in literature and politics.

It will perhaps surprise his biographers to learn that the man who most influenced him intellectually was that scholarly worker in good causes, Vernon Kellogg. One would have said that it was Theodore Roosevelt. White himself had written: "Roosevelt bit me and I went mad!" But as he sums it all up at the end, he finds a little alloy in his golden idol, notes a few instances of bad judgment. Indeed, until a bizarre episode put Robert La Follette the First out of the running, White had intended to support the senator from Wisconsin as Republican candidate in 1912. Yet when he heard in Paris the news of Roosevelt's sudden death, he meditated, "I have never known another person so vital nor another man so dear."

He had known every president from Cleveland on, had worked with most of them, had sketched them in his magazine articles and in "Masks in a Pageant." But in this book, as he would have said himself, he took his shirt off. Bryan, the great aspirant for the presidency, comes out in it a little more shabbily yet in some respects more admirably. Much as he despised the man's superficiality and

—*From the book*

1940: William Allen White, chairman of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, broadcasts from his home in Emporia. Mrs. White looks on.

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mental confusion, White liked him for his purity of intention and his courage. Wilson remains the man with the great vision given by God and the proud heart bestowed of the devil, and a man temperamentally unfitted for politics. "When he tried to be pleasant, he creaked." With all his heart, White fought for our membership in the League of Nations, and, in contradiction to most observers, believed that even in 1920 a popular vote would have gone against isolation.

McKinley figures as a political robot who had trained himself to be distantly agreeable in all circumstances and genuinely cordial in none. For Hoover, whom he treats briefly, he expresses special admiration. Harding—here he adds new touches to the old portrait. There is a picture of that tragic, liked, and yet despised figure coming into his hotel a day or so before his nomination with red eyes, a two-day beard, and every other evidence of a hangover. Someone spirited him away until the unsavory job of nominating him was finished. It is odd, too, to learn that in certain circumstances Hoover, whom White was supporting, might have been the candidate. A few months after Harding's inauguration White had a confidential talk with Jud Welliver, the Presidential secretary, which he evidently reconstructs from notes taken at the time. "He is weary and confused and heartsick, for he wants to do the right and honest thing. But he doesn't know!" And Welliver revealed that the President had just asked him as a university man to get some professor to recommend a treatise on taxation "not too hard to understand."

White's attitude toward politics resembled that of Philip in "Of Human Bondage" toward the waitress who ensnared him. He knew her for the shoddy thing she was, but he could not shake off her fascination for him. No honest confession of a corrupt boss could possibly comprise more stories, sordid or dramatic, of trickery, treachery, and double-crossing. He pauses once to wonder how, in face of all that, the Republic ever pulled through to greatness. But plainly the heyday of his life was the one time when he ever bolted his party—the Progressive movement of 1912-16. Here, however, something more than mere fascination was at work. Since early in the century, he had walked the Jericho road. With the other enthusiasts who sang "Onward Christian Soldiers," he believed that this was America's opportunity to purge and cleanse herself for a new era. He gives this subject almost disproportionate space. It is a dead episode now, but the vigor of the tale, the drama of it, the manner in which he fits it, on mature reflection, into the pattern of these times—that is living matter.

His story had reached 1923 when time gave out on him. But the rest is not all silence. In one of his interesting digressions he goes ahead of his tale to discuss some strengths and weaknesses of the New Deal and of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Also he analyzes himself. It was his weakness as an honest politician, but his strength as a journalist, that he could never be wholly partisan. He always saw a little good in the other side. In this confession he ranked himself with the great generations of liberals—in the true sense of that word, just now so much abused. Often such men see causes for which they have fought and bled crushed, as the Progressive Party and all it stood for seemed crushed by 1920. Most of them are like the Quakers, of whom someone said, "They are usually right a hundred years from now." But White lived to see most of his objectives reached by other routes. And that, in the end, was enough for him.

Stateside, 1941-1945

WHILE YOU WERE GONE. Edited by Jack Goodman. New York: Simon & Schuster, Inc. 1946. 572 *pp. Index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THE idea seems an obvious one—after someone else has thought it up: to prepare an interlinear translation of what went on at home so that the returning veteran can

catch up with the civilian world. It is another something for the boys, this time a ready reference on topics from advertising to women. Considering all that we have heard about our army being not only the best paid one in the world but also the best informed, it may be that it will seem a little redundant to men who have been supplied with as much print as they have been with ammunition. Even so, the "only yesterday" books continue to be fun. And one does not have to be a veteran to follow the chronicle with interest.

It is probably best not to read this book at that single sitting we are always hearing about. To the reader who demands smooth coherence the shift in mental gear from a discussion on race relations to one on the comics may be somewhat grinding. There is, too, a rather trying change of pace in the varied literary style of the contributors—a not unusual characteristic in any volume where the authors are many and the editor has given them a free hand. The cool academic prose of the scholar will seem at variance with the gaudy phrases of Paul Gallico; the pamphleteering of a labor leader may contrast too neatly with the arrogance of Norman Corwin. But all in all this new fireside book concocted by Jack Goodman will give you as good a review of recent events as we have had issued so far.

The choice of authors is something every reviewer will feel called upon to note. In the nature of things, the historians have not yet had time to sift the records and assemble the data in properly annotated form. Hence, since this is more than a glossary of war words, the sparkle of this kind of record is in the opinions expressed. Less opinionated men than Mr. Goodman might have assembled a menagerie of more different breeds of lions than can be found here. They would have been praised for the balanced points of view represented and damned for other things. "While You Were Gone" is a family affair. Mr. Gallup would be an unhappy man polling this group. Differences would be only shades, and the whole right side of his comptometer keyboard would rust from disuse—which is all right with one reader I know. In fairness one should note that Joseph H. Ball is a registered Republican.

To state one's preferences among the different articles is to reveal one's own prejudices and intimate private life. But even at the risk of being overheard, be it said that the single piece worth the price of admission (to coin a phrase) is James Thurber's on animals, a subject on which he is now the nation's leading authority. The Bing Crosby fable of Mike, the moribund turtle, is as choice a morsel as any Bennett Cerf could masticate. And while Robert Nathan has found peculiar people in the parks of New

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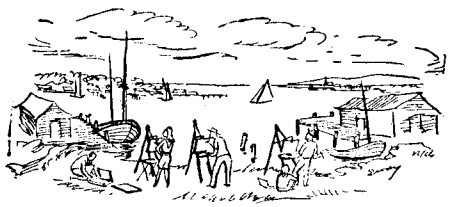
York, only the indefatigable research of Thurber could exhume the story of that amazing chow in Botanical Park.

Leaving the Thurber document in time to avoid violation of the copyright law, it might be worth suggesting that our not too gentle reader will enjoy the mordant treatment Wolcott Gibbs uses in handling the theatre front. Gibbs is still steamed up about Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down" (see the much more logical statement of the case by Lewis Gannett), but he has a lovely way of putting things, and next to Richard Maney, the apocryphal press agent whom *Life* and others have apotheosized, he was the perfect choice for the assignment.

In general the arts and sciences come off best in this book—even



though music and painting are treated only incidentally. The graphic arts are represented by Milton Caniff on the comics in a thrilling discourse on the adventures of the insufferable Orphan Annie, the self-righteous Superman, the drab Blondie, and the others who people our national legend. Caniff's scholarly address could have been improved only if he had been allowed the brush as well as the pen. Lewis Gannett does the books politely; Bosley Crowther the movies with sufficient reverence, and Norman Corwin the radio with the resonance you would expect.

When it comes to the heavy dogmatists, the halos are set with neon lights. Labor, industry, the war agencies have their spokesmen who speak with the tongues of angels—R. J. Thomas, Donald Nelson, Henry F. Pringle. The imperfections pointed out are merely the flaws which make the diamonds more precious.

Captain Joe Thompson, who suggested the idea while stationed on lonely assignment in the Pacific, has got his wish. And the rest of us can be grateful for a truly superb idea. The only thing that can bother one seriously is the element of haste which accompanies any fudge which is cut before it hardens. By the by, there is an appendix which tells how your Congressman voted.

In This Corner— *The Newspaper*

Lester Markel, Sunday editor of The New York Times, *discussed "The Newspapers" in "While You Were Gone." Eric Hodgins, a vice-president of* Time, *Inc., discussed "The Magazines." Mr. Markel was shown the galley proofs of Mr. Hodgins's chapter, and introduced into his own chapter certain comments, herewith reproduced, on news magazines. Mr. Hodgins then, in fairness, was shown Mr. Markel's comments, and replied in an extended footnote, which is also reproduced.*

By Lester Markel

I HAD not thought of the news weekly as another one of these Mortal Threats to the newspaper until I read the chapter by Mr. Hodgins in this same volume. Mr. Hodgins seems to believe that the news weeklies, not the newspapers, did the real news job during the war; that they are, in peacetime as well as wartime, the only true expositors of the news because they excel (a) in coverage, due to their "huge" staffs, and (b) in perspective, because they do not have breathlessly to meet deadlines.

I shall not attempt, speaking of coverage, to compare the comprehensiveness and the authority of the news report in the newspaper with the condensation and the casualness of the news weekly. . . .

I shall not attempt, speaking of perspective, to compare the delectable details and the frothy footnotes that the news weeklies call "background" with the solid interpretive article of the newspaper. Nor to contrast the orderless presentation of the news weekly with the orderly arrangement of the newspaper—especially the play of the news on the first page, which is, in its way, an index to current history.

I shall not point out that the breathlessness of the newspaper is as nothing compared with the frenzy of the news weekly trying to guess on Monday what Thursday's news will be. . . .

I shall not be so immodest as to call Mr. Hodgins's attention to such productions as *The New York Times Review of the Week* or the weekly summaries in other newspapers where the "background" job is done with balance and without bias.

No, I shall content myself with putting this question: Why, if the newspaper has so little value in Mr. Hodgins's eyes, why does Mr. Hodgins's *Time* buy from its news dealer every day 135 copies of *The New York Times*—every day, weekdays and Sundays?

—and in This Corner *The News Magazine*

By Eric Hodgins

I REALLY don't know, Mr. Markel; I should think two copies would be plenty. But two copies of the *Times*, weekday and Sunday, are certainly invaluable, as are the copies of 163 other U. S. newspapers to which the diligent editors of *Time* subscribe, and which they read, clip, and file every day to supplement their own world-wide staff of newsgatherers and the full news and picture services of the A.P. I am no more a traducer of newspapers than any of my colleagues; with them, I venerate the *Times* as I do my grandmother. As a matter of fact, your figure of 135 copies, daily and Sunday, is incorrect; it's actually 151 copies—plus 91 others for *Life* and *Fortune*. Accuracy, terseness, accuracy, Mr. Markel.

Your other points, I suppose, will have to go unanswered, since you say you are not making them. You certainly would have had me at a disadvantage about the *orderless presentation of the newsweekly* compared to the *orderly arrangement of the newspaper* if you had mentioned it out loud. *Time*, just to pick it at random as an example of a news-magazine, doesn't put the story of the little girl who has lost her bunny on page one, where every newspaperman over fifty knows it belongs, alongside of MacArthur's latest orders to the Mikado, and the bit about the newest two-headed calf to be born in Winsted, Conn. . . . If you *had* been so immodest as to speak of *The New York Times Review of the Week*, I guess I would have had to be so immodest as to mention that *Time* began publication in 1923, whereas your invaluable summary, *The Review of the Week*, in 1935.

Thank you for yielding the space on this page, which the publishers kindly lent me. . . . I hope I haven't distracted anybody's attention from your excellent piece; it's a little rough on the newspapers, but it's all worth saying.

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Their War in Their Words

REPORT AFTER ACTION. The Story of the 103d Infantry Division. By Ralph Muller and Jerry Turk. Illustrations by Bill Baker. Innsbruck, Tyrol, Austria: Wagner'sche Universitäts - Buchdruckerei. 1945. 166 pp. Subscribed to and distributed to members of the 103d Division. Copies soon to be made available in the United States.

Reviewed by COLONEL JOSEPH I. GREENE, U.S.A., RETIRED

MANY a fighting soldier complained vividly in World War II because the papers at home so seldom mentioned his particular unit. The fact that there were ten thousand differently designated regiments, squadrons, and other outfits in the Army, or that until almost the end of the war there were still good security reasons for not mentioning a number of units by name and number, didn't register clearly with most fighting men. When the men of the "1st Battalion, 561st Infantry, 109th Division" took the town of Grand Pain sur Terre, they would have thought it reasonable to see a detailed account of their fight in the next day's *Stars and Stripes*. But especially did they feel that in a very few weeks a clipping or two about their battle from hometown papers should be coming in their letters. Everything a young American does from making his first touchdown as a freshman on his high-school football team is something he reads about in the papers. So why not his plays, or at least his military unit's plays, in the real game of war?

A great deal was done, of course, to get the fighting Army specifically into the news. In the Army, the Air Forces began early with tremendous coverage. The Ground Forces began late, far too late. But its Special Information Section, with such able soldier writers as Colonels James Warner Bellah and Edward Hope Coffey, and Warrant Officer E. J. Kahn, Jr., was catching up fast as the war ended, with chief credit of course to the host of Infantrymen who were making the most of their news. The war correspondents worked overtime to send home news about hometown men for hometown papers.

But altogether there was never enough news to suit the troops. And now they are making up for it in some measure by writing and publishing histories, detailed "unit histories" for the most part, telling where and how they trained for combat and where and how they fought.

There are a great many of these books. Some, like "Report After Action," have already been printed in France, Germany, Austria, the Philippines, or elsewhere. Many are in production in the United States or are still in process of writing here or overseas. And others are yet to be begun. The total copies of unit histories published will eventually

pass the million mark and probably a second and third. The greater part of the ninety infantry divisions alone are publishing from 5,000 to 25,000 copies each of their histories; and of the hundreds of regiments and similar units, scores are already going forward with their unit books. In the Air Forces the picture is somewhat different, since there the emphasis is on the histories of the different Air Forces, which were units much larger than an infantry division. Many smaller air units, however, are also producing unit histories, and the same thing is true in the Service Forces. And some of the large ground units, the corps and the armies, have completed histories or have them under way.

None of these books are official War Department histories published at government expense. They should not be confused with the eventual products of the Army's thorough historical program, which is now shaping up under Major General E. F. Harding, chief of the Historical Section of the War Department Special Staff. The official histories form a quite separate project. The "histories" I am referring to are the books being written and published essentially by the members and former members of the Army units themselves. The same situation obtains in the Marine Corps and in the Navy. Certain Navy and Marine units are producing books for themselves, entirely aside from the official history projects of these services.

The "unit histories" taken together were simply a writing and publishing project far too large to be entertained officially. The job would have required a staff of at least several hundred writers and illustrators, and this at a time when the major official history projects were just getting well under way, yet thought had to be given to the general paring down of staffs of all kinds. So the units that wanted a history have written their own or have a book on the way, or at least clearly in mind.

Books about military units have, of course, been produced after many wars. Hundreds were published after the Civil War by units of both sides. After World War I, all the infantry divisions and many other units eventually went to press. In World War II, most of the high commanders were men with service in the earlier war, and held the idea of a unit history in mind from the beginning of the war or earlier. There was no allowance for historians of any kind in the divisions and regiments and in units of similar size in the Air Forces; but many commanders saw to it that the official records on which to base an informal history were carefully kept. And a few put selected men to writing while their units were still fighting, or even before they had begun to fight.

Major General C. R. Huebner, for example, who was commanding general of the V Corps (which at one time in France had ten divisions in it), established an historical group in his corps headquarters while D-day preparations were still going on. General Huebner had seen much combat as an officer in the First Division in World War I, and had regretted through the years that no fully adequate history of his division in that war had ever been published. He vowed that in his second war his outfit would have a complete and accurate published history. "History of the V Corps" was accordingly written day by day from D-day on, and the result is a leather-bound folio published in Paris containing several hundred thousand words, a hundred or so large maps, and two or three hundred photographs and sketches.

The V Corps history is a larger book than most of the other units are putting out, and a somewhat more formal one. "Report After Action: The Story of the 103d Infantry Division," published in Austria, is more typical, though briefer than many division books. Its excellent narrative is particularly informal, which is well indicated by the first paragraph of its foreword: "This book was produced with a minimum of interference from

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the Brass. About all the Brass insisted on was that we be historically accurate and keep it clean. Fair enough." The authors have given a special flavor to "Report After Action" by sandwiching in between the sections of their historical narrative some forceful and realistic impressions of the more important phases of their war. "Report After Action" contains many photographs which will mean much to all who fought with the 103d. The sketches and colored sketch maps, and the end-papers showing the progress of the unit through France, Germany, and Austria to the Brenner Pass in Italy are all above average. The Austrian binders did a poor job and the printers a fairly good one. But on the whole, "Report After Action" is a good unit history.

Other unit histories contain narratives of from 20,000 to 300,000 words. The three usual sizes are 6 x 9, 8 x 10½, and 9 x 12 inches, and they are so far about evenly distributed among the three. Some are books mainly composed of pictures, of the college yearbook or souvenir type.

A number of units took subscriptions for their books on the ground as soon as the fighting was done. Others have waited until after deactivation to canvass for subscribers by mail.

Very few units have chosen to publish their books as books for the trade. The Viking Press is doing "The 84th Infantry Division in the Battle of Germany," by Lieutenant Theodore Draper, author of "The Six Weeks' War," one of the best books on the fall of France. Readers' Press is soon to publish a book about the 24th Infantry Division, "Children of Yesterday," by Jan Valtin, who was Private First Class Richard Krebs. This is not a unit history in the usual sense but the story of a fighting soldier as a member of his division. Albert Love Enterprises of Atlanta, the Army and Navy Publishing Company of Baton Rouge, the Infantry Journal Press, and others are publishing a number of unit histories. Several books on Air Forces units are being handled by the Council on Books in Wartime, which is helping to procure trade publication. Many unit histories (army, corps, division, brigade, and regimental histories) will be made available to the general public.

So far as I have been able to find, all Army and Marine units producing books about their war experiences are presenting memorial copies to the next of kin of the members of the unit who were killed in action. In a number of units the officers have made a special contribution to do this, and in others all subscribers to the book have agreed that it should be done.

Unit histories like "Report After Action" are books that recount the most stirring and terrible days that, God willing, will ever come to millions of Americans. They are the records of the powerful fighting teams, the numbered units of our armed forces. Their maps and the lines upon them cover all the areas from Austria west to Okinawa where American soldiers, sailors, and Marines have marched, sailed or flown. They are the books that these men wanted for themselves, produced almost without thought of other readers.

It is well, I believe, that so many do not want to forget what they have done in war, and what they have gone through to do it. These unit histories will prevent their forgetting.

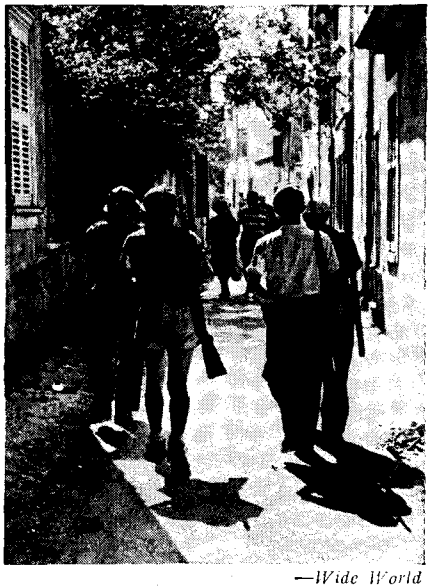
Deeds of Derring Do

SUB ROSA. By Stewart Alsop and Thomas Braden. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc. 1946. 237 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by Brigadier General Donald Armstrong

FEW operations of the late war were less known than the intelligence and resistance activities of the Office of Strategic Services. For reasons of national security much must continue to be shrouded in secrecy. But the two parachutist-authors of this book reveal enough to fascinate any reader who enjoys bizarre adventures and the struggle of brave men against great odds.

Messrs. Alsop and Braden are journalists who were assigned to OSS, about which they write well and entertainingly. They are objective. They are not reluctant to mention sins of omission and commission that were to be expected in a rapidly improvised business of this sort. They are not prodigal of praise and yet when the theatrical cloak is torn away, the phony dagger sheathed, and flowers thoughtfully omitted, the deeds of OSS are found to be without parallel in our military annals.



—*Wide World*

Members of the FFI marching off—openly—to fight Germany after years of secret aid to OSS and other Allied intelligence units.

The mystery and secrecy of espionage and underground movements might well lead astray writers in search of glamorous sensationalism. Messrs. Alsop and Braden have resisted the temptation to be picaresque, and they have thereby heightened the dramatic effects of the tales they tell.

To Colonel (later Major General) William J. Donovan goes the credit for the idea of an organization to centralize intelligence about the enemy. Later, he developed the plan to combine intelligence with resistance leadership. The authors tell us that the British coöperated wholeheartedly in transforming the project into a going concern that ultimately numbered 12,000. Of these, hundreds were needed for research, many of whom were well-known scholars and specialists. Only about a tenth of the number, armed with the results of these studies, finally came face to face with the enemy. It is about these men and women that the authors write on the justifiable assumption that they accomplished the most important and valuable results for OSS. The other manifold activities of this large war agency are not described. The samples of the exploits in occupied France, in Burma, and elsewhere are well chosen and frequently almost incredible adventures. The authors quote General Eisenhower's comment: "I consider that the disruption of enemy rail communication, the harassing of German road moves, and the continual and increasing strain placed on German war economy and internal services throughout occupied Europe by the organized forces of the resistance played a very considerable part in our victory." The admirably told case histories enable the reader to form his own judgment of the extraordinary feats of typical OSS agents.

These agents—men and women too—designated for service behind the lines were not specially created hu-

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man beings. They were most carefully selected, however, and they had to be adapted to the environment they would meet in the occupied or enemy countries. Adaptation was aided by rigorous training. The agent underwent a metamorphosis into another personality supported by forged papers of all sorts. Then the OSS had to get him or her to the destination, usually by parachute. From that time the struggle for existence resulted in the survival of the fittest and those most favored by fortune, and the accomplishment of the mission if the agent was lucky, courageous, and ingenious.

The authors tell this portion of the story with rigorous economy but in sufficient detail. It is by way of preparing for the pay-off that comprises selected episodes of OSS espionage and resistance. There is, for example, the story of "Billy," the native of Holland, who joined the OSS. His amazing adventures after dropping on Dutch soil, rejoining the local resistance, capture by the Gestapo, deceiving them completely and escaping with the aid of his captors, are a story to rival fiction. Equally fantastic is the example of a so-called "Jedburgh

operation" in France. This formula called for an English or American officer, a radio operator, and an officer of the country where the project was destined to work out. The description here is particularly realistic and vivid. It shows clearly how the French resistance movement was coördinated with the main military effort of the Allies.

This book is an interesting commentary on the theory that weapons are everything in war. Do not forget that the OSS men were equipped only with small arms and high explosives and yet were a most destructive force against the Axis. In the most highly mechanized warfare, morale, leadership, training are still important and essential for victory. Messrs. Alsop and Braden in proving this point have written an unusually exciting report on a comparatively unknown phase of the war.

Lady Who Took Chances

THE HOUSE NEAR PARIS. By Drue Tartière and M. R. Werner. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1946. 318 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by THEODORE M. PURDY

TO those of us who were working at the Third Army PW enclosure at Nemours during the exhilarating but chaotic days after the liberation of Paris, Dorothy Drue Tartière was known as the beautiful blonde menace up the road. We were supposed to steer back "through channels" all recovered Allied personnel, such as aviators shot down over France. Mme. Tartière, a young American woman, widow of a French officer and once a Hollywood actress, had risked her life to hide and succor many of these aviators who landed in the Paris region in 1944. Her charm and courage were legendary. Quite naturally most of the men whose stories she tells in this book when brought to Nemours took one look at the scant accommodations offered by the Army, which then consisted of a single blanket in a rain-swept field, and took off again for Drue's comfortable house at Barbizon. Later, when we met the lady, their reluctance to return to military discipline became even more understandable.

The drama of Mme. Tartière's life during the war is set forth with full attention to emotional values in her book. Although she had lived in France for some years, Drue Tartière had become not so much an expatriate as an American who loved France. Unlike other women of the Paris American colony mentioned in the book, she did not despair when the men of Vichy delivered the country to the Germans. She was interned at Vittel for a time, but with the assistance of French doctors pretended to have a cancer, and was permitted to return to her home in the forest near Fontainebleau late in 1942. Mme. Tartière and her devoted maid Nadine gradually found themselves working with an underground organization, supplying food and clothing for the R.A.F. and Air Corps men who were hiding in Paris. Eventually she opened her own house to these evaders. The job was a hard one, dangerous in the extreme and without reward. Fortunately the traffic in patriots throughout France was so widespread in the later years of the war that the Germans could make no effective headway against it—which still did not prevent their shooting any organization members or French civilians caught helping evaders. Drue Tartière and her friends were lucky and escaped without any major tragedies.

In addition to the success story of her efforts to aid these men, Mme. Tartière's book gives an excellent picture of life in occupied France. The innumerable controls, the complete absence of creature comforts, the wild rumors and false hopes, the fear of denunciation, the suspicion of one's neighbors—the whole nightmare quality of the war years is here. More careful editing and a less superficial and arch tone might have made the book a real contribution to the history of this phase of France's resistance. Even as it stands the book is the real thing and is always of interest.

Unlike Mrs. Shiber of "Paris Underground" fame, Drue Tartière waited until the Germans were out of France and she could give full details of her experience without endangering her friends and helpers. She deserves credit for this and for many other things, but above all for the new heart and hope she managed to put into the weary boys she sheltered.

Reject in Haste

By Elias Lieberman

REJECT in haste the vague encomium,
The word of praise insculped upon a tomb,
The gloved and velveted rebuff, the crumb
Of sweetened comfort, sugar-coating doom.
Disdain the song of self that pity sings
Before the will corrodes in acrid tears
And you are caught just like a fly whose wings
Are honey-heavy when destruction nears.

Rather with broken body daring fate,
Holding a shattered wall, rather a death
Of futile valor, darkness falling late,
A night without a single star, than breath
Of wilting rose, colors of early frost,
Cliff's edge by moonlight when a man is lost.

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The Case Against Germany

THE CASE AGAINST THE NAZI WAR CRIMINALS. Opening statement for the United States of America by Robert H. Jackson, and other documents. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1946. 217 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by LEWIS MUMFORD

THE publisher has performed a public service in bringing out "The Case Against the Nazi War Criminals." The opening statement by the American prosecutor, Robert H. Jackson, the agreements that formed the legal basis for these trials, and the text of the indictment itself all form a part of a useful permanent record.

Justice Jackson's statement is a masterly summation of the crimes, atrocities, and violations of international agreements committed by the Nazi leaders; and it has a clarity that the detailed testimony taken at the trial can only blur. In his restrained temper, in his effort to bring adequate legal procedure to bear upon these very special cases, the special prosecutor accomplished a difficult technical task with rare skill. On the most delicate point of abstract justice—namely, whether laws non-existent at the time of their commission have not been invoked for the punishment of these leaders—Justice Jackson at least makes out a colorable case.

Apart from the agreement to erect this special tribunal, the chief novelty of the trial lies in the indictment, as criminal organizations, of the Nazi Leadership Corps, the Nazi police organizations, the Reich cabinet, and the high command and general staff of the German armed forces. "These individual defendants did not stand alone in crime and will not stand alone in punishment," the prosecutor emphasized. "Your verdicts of 'guilty' against these organizations will render *prima facie* guilty, as nearly as we can learn, thousands upon thousands of members now in custody of United States Forces and other armies."

In other words, besides attempting to hold leaders responsible individually for crimes of state, the prosecution holds state organizations responsible for the crimes of their individual members. This second effort points in the right direction, but does not go far enough. Because of the line Justice Jackson has taken, he may well win the case against the Nazi war criminals and forfeit the far more important case against belligerent Germany.

On the basis of this preliminary statement, what shall one say of the scope and purpose of the current trial, and of its probable effect in vindicating the law and establishing justice? In a brief review I can of course only sum my conclusions, without giving in any fullness the grounds for the opinions. But first, it seems to me plain that the crimes of which the Nazi leadership have been properly accused are out of all proportion to any conceivable penalty the court may impose upon them and their immediate followers. In that sense, our attempt to punish these individuals *as* individuals is a travesty of justice. Men who have planned and executed the extermination of millions of human beings cannot be "punished" by the sentence that is meted out to one who murders a single individual.

Actually, by giving these Nazi leaders the benefits of an open trial, with the opportunity of using it as a sounding board for their last barefaced defense, the Allied Nations have belittled the majesty of the law. Orders should have been given while the war was still on, not to capture these leaders, but to shoot them on sight, as an act of war. This measure would have brought them to a swift, humiliating, unpublicized end: the worst possible one from the standpoint of their further influence or their possible resurrection.

But in proceeding with these trials the Allied nations have committed an even more serious mistake, indeed a tragic error; for they have attempted to fasten all the sins committed in the name of Germany upon the leaders of the Nazi party, and the Nazi organizations through which they operated. But neither the Nazi leaders nor the Nazi party could have remained in power without the consent and connivance of the German people.

Even if the present trials resulted in something like a mass execution of Nazi criminals, they would still have the effect of fastening upon a scapegoat minority the whole blame for Germany's crimes and sins. Nothing could better serve the ultimate purposes of the Nazis than to lift from the German people themselves the great burden of their guilt. In short, by confining the act of planning the war to the Nazis, the prosecution open exculpates, for example, those "Republican" leaders who, in 1927, prosecuted and punished Carl von Ossietzky and his associates for revealing the secret rearmament of Germany.

At this point in the argument, I anticipate an interruption. Did not Burke say, "You cannot indict a nation?" People who deny the sacredness of the Ten Commandments, who are doubtful if Jefferson was right in holding certain truths to be self-evident, and who would challenge the infallibility of the Pope, will triumphantly trot out Burke's dictum as if it were an indisputable axiom. Only in a legal sense was Burke right. Otherwise his dictum, scientifically speaking, has no basis whatever, if one takes it to mean that no valid generalizations can be made about the collective conduct of a people, or that no measures can or should be taken against them *as* a people.

On most of the counts in the present indictments, many individual Germans may be entirely innocent; but

—Harris and Ewing.

. . . "crimes out of all proportion to any conceivable penalty."

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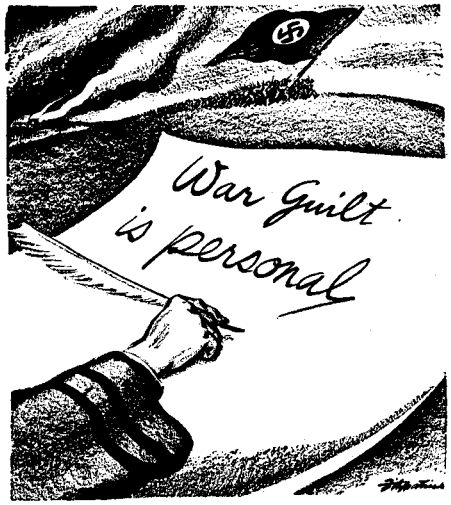
as an organized group Germany is guilty. Almost everyone knows there are individual Germans who are not servile, militarist, authoritarian, or sadistic; but the German people as a mass have shown that they possess these attributes to a remarkable degree: sufficient to become the accomplices of the Nazis in their chief crimes, both before and after the fact.

In short, the chief criminal, the only one capable of being either punished or reformed, is absent from the prisoner's dock. That is worse than a mere oversight. In no small degree Justice Jackson's argument perpetuates the myth of the "good German people" who were misled and betrayed by a small group of self-appointed leaders. Not merely does that assumption make it unnecessary for the German nation to face its historic weaknesses along with its recent crimes and sins. Unfortunately it also promises to relieve ourselves from the hard duty of standing guard over this people and preventing them from making a third bid for world supremacy. Presumably, once punishment has been meted out to the Nazi leaders we, also, will be free. This is not a formula for either justice or security.

What was the alternative to the Court's present procedure? The alternative was to deal with individual crimes by the usual means, and to place the Nazi leaders before the bar of justice, not as members of a conspiratorial party, but as the lawfully elected representatives of the German people. What is on trial before the world is the guilt or innocence of some seventy million Germans. The most generous and sanguine estimate of opposition to the Nazi leadership, that of Professor Almond in a recent issue of the *New Republic*, puts the total possible number in the fifth year of the war, when the breaking point had been reached, at a mere 100,000. Some of this opposition represented nothing more democratic than the convictions of a Pastor Niemoeller, nothing more threatening to the Nazi power than the act of daring to listen to a foreign radio.

We may conceivably execute every active Nazi criminal and still leave Germany in a defiant, self-justifying mood, full of reproaches against the democracies for not having interfered in Germany's internal political affairs in 1933 or for daring to continue our interference in them now. The only prudent treatment for such a nation of political irresponsibles and weaklings is "confinement" for a definite term of years, with an abatement of punishment for good conduct. Every effort to achieve self-government, to create civic courage and civic responsibility, to make good the wrongs done to the life and property of others, to achieve democratic reforms in the educational system, should be promptly rewarded by a specific grant of freedom. Every effort to perpetuate authoritarian methods, to create dissension among the Allies, to spread anti-Semitism, to plot against general peace and comity should be punished with equal promptness by extending the length of the collective confinement term.

Such measures would place a premium upon self-examination and self-reform among the Germans. If the Germans are open to reason, this method will bring it out. If their minds are closed, we will at least save ourselves from costly self-deception. Blood revenge, on the scale of the actual crimes committed by the Germans, is out of the question. But premature absolution of the German people should also be out of the question. Our failure to understand this fact is the mark of our moral inertia and political confusion.



—Fitzpatrick in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

New Era in International Law

Horace Admired Him

PINDAR. By Gilbert Norwood. Berkeley: University of California Press. 1945. 302 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
BRIG. GEN. DONALD ARMSTRONG

A FEW weeks ago, the *Saturday Review of Literature* devoted two pages to Horace and his latest interpreter. Accordingly, it may now be appropriate to glance, if only briefly, at Horace's most distinguished predecessor among the Greek lyric poets. Professor Gilbert Norwood of the University of Toronto has made it easy and thoroughly enjoyable to do this. Horace himself would certainly have approved a revival of interest in Pindaros of Thebes. In one of his odes that most of us never reached (it is in Book IV), Horace expressed his admiration for the poet who influenced him so profoundly. But he added the warning that whoever soars in rivalry with Pindar will fall like Icarus.

Comparatively few people today share this enthusiasm, although Professor Norwood should gain at least a few converts to the Pindaric cult. Since Americans love athletic contests, and these Greek odes celebrate victories in chariot races, foot races, wrestling, and the pentathlon, they ought to appeal strongly to a people who love prize-winning competitions. We have to acknowledge, however, one epinician ode on a flute-playing match in 490 B.C. that might temper any eagerness on the part of the modern racing fraternity to delve into Pindar. To be entirely honest, we should have to admit additionally the extreme difficulties of language and meaning.

Those who would obstinately turn their backs on Pindar can quote Voltaire's contemptuous apostrophizing: "Thou who didst possess the gift to speak much and say nothing; thou who didst skilfully modulate verses that no one understands and which nevertheless it is our duty to admire."

But Pindar himself warned his own contemporaries in the Second Olympian that "many a swift arrow have I beneath mine arm, within my quiver. For the wise they have a voice, but for the crowd they need interpreters." Pindaric exegesis is absolutely essential.

Professor Norwood recognizes only a half dozen "fine books" about the poet and his works. His own lectures, delivered at the University of California, are unquestionably well qualified for inclusion among those few books. He interprets Pindar not with the pedantic apparatus of the pedagogue but with the charm and understanding of the true scholar. He is concerned far more with the beauty of Pindaric odes and with offering interpretations for much that is obscure than with questions of text or grammatical construction. His original and ingenious theory of Pindar's symbolism dispels much of the fog that causes these Greek lyrics to remain unread. Professor Norwood's book is for the wise rather than the crowd, but it is a badly needed monument in English to the memory of the greatest lyric poet of Greece.

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Four in Quest of God

NICODEMUS. By Dorothy Walworth. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1946. 301 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by J. C. Long

READERS who stay with "Nicodemus" to the end will be rewarded. The novel pulls together finally with a validity which lends unexpected strength to what has gone before. En route, however, one requires more than a little faith to believe that anything will be resolved from the frequently unconvincing pages.

The author has set herself the profoundly difficult task of developing how four diverse persons seek and find the meaning of God. A girl who works in a subway change booth, the idle wife of a prosperous radio commentator, a middle-aged Broadway actor, and a fashionable minister are each aware of inner spiritual starvation. By chance, each turns to St. Simon's Church for solace.

Dr. Job Tatum, the highly popular rector of St. Simon's, is the chief character of the story. At the outset, he is the most lost of the lot. On a certain Easter Sunday he reverses the experience of Saul of Tarsus by suddenly discovering that he (Tatum) believes nothing at all. For the sake of the hundreds who look to him for assurance, he conceals his catastrophe until he finds his way to some understanding. The excuses of illness and a long summer vacation give him an armistice during which he need not declare his position publicly.

Gladys, the subway girl, sought the protection of the church because of the fate of her girl-friend Winnie, who was not affiliated with any congregation. When Winnie died unexpectedly, Gladys went to three churches before she found a clergyman who had the time and willingness to perform a funeral service for a non-member. After this implausible event (for in New York perhaps more than anywhere else the churches continually minister to strangers), Gladys desired to become one of the elect.

Laura and her husband, the radio broadcaster, had drifted apart. He had become a stencil with no grasp of reality, concocting synthetic patter for the public. His friends were famous, slick phonies. Laura, with nothing to do, with no one real to lean upon, turned to the nearby church as a possible place of rescue.

Nick Romney's condition at the outset was simpler than the rest. He had been cast as a clergyman in a new play. It was the leading role, calling for seriousness and depth. Nick dropped in at St. Simon's to sort of get the feel of the thing, and to seek a little coaching by the rector. This move proved to be the beginning of a long inner conflict.

The four main persons of the story, and various minor characters, are sufferers from unrest, fear, insecurity, shallowness and ignorance, with hardly a glint of light or humor. Even Dr. Tatum, described as a noted and powerful preacher, displays little evidence of wide mental horizons or depth of perception. His conversation is not that of a wise man talking in simple terms, but of an immature mind. Fortunately, he proved to have the capacity for growth.

The limitations of the characters naturally intensify the author's problem. There is no one in the book able to give leadership, insight, or comfort. The novel is one of blind leading blind, save for a woman, Dell Royal, whose peace of soul is affirmed though not fully accounted for. Nor does one of the four clergymen presented approach reasonable stature (except for Tatum's ultimate growth). In an era which has Sockman, McKee, Buttrick, Fosdick, and a host of other men of faith, the barrenness of the ministry in "Nicodemus" is unrealistic and misleading. With her lay characters, however, the author has sympathy and understanding.

—*Dorothy Wilding*

Dorothy Walworth's "novel pulls together finally with a validity which lends unexpected strength to what has gone before."

But what is the conclusion of the whole matter? How do the characters find the meaning of God? The author has needed a book for the answer, and it would be unfair to attempt to summarize it in a sentence. When the reader has persisted to the end he may not find a complete solution for himself, but at least he may feel that some light has been shed.

Stolen: One Husband

LETTER TO FIVE WIVES. By John Klempner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 204 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by James P. Wood

ADDIE JOSS sent the letter. She sent it to the Hollingsway home where the five Long Island wives were gathered for another meeting of the group which had been engaged in bond drives, salvage drives, blood donations, and other community activities. Addie knew they would be there. She was expected herself, and knew that in her absence they would be slitting her up and down the back. It was so she phrased it in her letter.

Addie's guess was correct. They were discussing her. It seems impossible when any of them met not to discuss Addie Joss, for all of these young married women were intensely aware of her. Addie, divorced, clever, glamorous, was definitely and capably the bitch. Men's eyes got warm and restless when Addie was around. She had made motions, direct or subtle, in the direction of each of their husbands, and Addie knew how to make them.

Addie's short letter, delivered as their meeting was about to start, said that she was leaving them for good. She knew they'd not mind too much. It then read: "I'd hate to leave you empty-handed so I thought I'd take along a souvenir. Something I hope you can spare—One of your husbands. Do you mind?"

Martha Derringer read the note aloud. Not one of them doubted that Addie could do and had done exactly what she said. None could wholly conceal her fear from herself or from the others. Mechanically they went on with their meeting. After all, in four more days they were to take their places on the platform at the great Victory Rally, and there was their report to polish for presentation. But the woman reading it and those listening were thinking, remembering, wondering, dreading.

Which man had accompanied Addie where? Which of them was bereft? Which woman had failed? Each woman, normally confident of herself and her husband before the letter came, is sure now of nothing. Each begins to recall incidents of her married life and strains to interpret them.

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The women relive their lives as the scheduled meeting goes on, and each ordinary life takes on the meaning and importance it has for the woman living it. The men, seen for the most part only through the eyes of their wives, emerge clearly.

The story is well conceived and finely executed. Suspense mounts tensely for the reader as well as for each wife, for it is obvious that this polite comedy is to be real tragedy for at least one of the five. John Klempner's treatment of the unusual but plausible situation proposed is surgical, incisive, and clever. The lives of five suburban wives are analyzed deftly, intelligently, and with sympathy. Yet the cleverness shows more sharply than the sympathy. "Letter to Five Wives" plays on the ambitions, discontents, felt shortcomings, and convictions of error of sensitive characters with an almost feline carefulness that Addie Joss would have enjoyed.

The "Right" to Happiness

WILD CALENDAR. By Libby Block. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 356 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THIS is the story of a woman who never learned that happiness is not a right, but something to be deserved; a gift which, paradoxically, has to be earned. Maude Eames was typical of that group of women —and *men, too*—who think that Happiness (with a capital H) comes automatically with a set of circumstances, an idea fostered by movies and advertising slogans and radio commercials which present a world neither real nor earnest, a roseate dream in which Boy meets Girl and they live happily ever after, first as Normal Young Married people, blissful in a cottage, then as Normal Older Married people, prosperous and secure, with the right kind of silver, the right kind of radio, the right kind of children—a dream life in which nothing ever happens that is not in neat and orderly and Normal progression.

But somehow Maude's chronology went wrong—her times were out of joint. Things were always too early and too late. When she was seventeen, in 1929, a too-big, awkward, speechless, unpopular girl, she wanted to be a flapper, a member of the "cute" crowd, glittering, assured, going steady with the captain of the high-school football team. But instead she was propelled into marriage with a man more than twice her age, her cousin, Smith Ohlrig, a wealthy, weary, and neurotic dilettante who saw in Maude the youth and simplicity he felt he wanted. And so, before she had a chance to be the Normal Young Girl which, according to her formula, was her right, she became what she would want to be twenty years later, the wealthy, secure matron. And when her marriage to Smith broke up, she tried to set back the clock by marrying the boy she should have married at seventeen, in a setting of Love in a Cottage, still according to formula, pretending that the ten years between had never existed.

The trouble with Maude was that she refused to see herself in any other role than that which in her current conviction was Normally Happy. And she was determined to play that role, however ruthless and selfish the means. Not that she always realized how ruthless she was—she merely fought blindly for what she considered her Right to Happiness. And at the last she almost won. But the luck, or fate, which made her always too early or too late held up the calendar to the neat arrangement she planned for hers and her second husband's life together, and the date encircled on it was December 7, 1941.

Miss Block has written a dramatic and an engrossing book. Maude as a girl in Denver is the prototype of thousands of girls who grow up thinking that happiness is something neatly tied up in pink ribbons, delivered promptly in a world in which all is right. It is a characterization so vivid and unsparing and perceptive that it will make a good many women feel both tenderly nostalgic and vaguely uncomfortable. If at the end the book seems a little too slick and contrived, it makes up for it by its really profound, sympathetic, incisive first two-thirds, its picture of a young girl and a young woman who will be recognized and remembered. It is interesting and provocative.

Single Talent

PIPER TOMPKINS. By Ben Field. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 259 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

PIPER TOMPKINS is a strange character to be carrying the weight of a novel. He has no apparent virtues except honesty, and honesty all by itself, unaccompanied by intelligence or charm or plain intuitive goodness, as demonstrated by Piper, is far from attractive. Yet Piper Tompkins has apparently been devised especially by Ben Field to make a point, in all of his unattractiveness. The point is that if we are to hope for any constructive action from the plain people of the world, we had better gear our hopes down to the absolute minimum of basic facts, and see what we have, and work from that. What Mr. Field is saying—if I may say this for him—is that we must not build up a visionary concept of the idealistic, conscious, eloquent proletarian, a concept which can only deflate and collapse at last about our heads.

What do we actually know about people, that we *can* count upon? This: they are generally honest, they can learn, and they will eventually fight in self-interest. Enough, Mr. Field says. Take just that as your premise, and watch it develop into a force. He gives us Piper Tompkins as a kind of test case, a tough, unhappy farm-kid out of Connecticut, who comes to work in a Hartford war-plant. Piper is a rugged individualist in every sense of the word. He has no feeling of solidarity with his fellow-workers, and no interest in unions. He is indeed inclined to throw in his lot with the chiseling, anti-union foreman; there seems more in it for him that way.

But here Mr. Field's basic premises begin to operate. This tough and practically insensitive kid must inevitably learn where his own best interests, where his real profits, lie. His gradual movement across an invisible line, toward the union, toward the coöperative, t o w a r d active participation in the fight within the factory, against the Fascistic and obstructive elements there, is a study in tropism, as though he were a plant seeking its only sun. Mr. Field has sacrificed a great deal to his single-minded demonstration, for the book, like its central character, has little else to offer but its one dominant idea. It is a laconic description of a personal awakening in a land of strife, not even partially softened by Piper's gestures at love.

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Too Much and Too Early

DUTY TO LIVE. By Emmett Dedmon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 269 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

IN one of Mr. John Collier's delightful tales a young man acquires a magical bottle with a wish-granting attachment. After various experiments he gets around to asking for Helen of Troy—on a bearskin rug. The wish is granted; but the lady's first remark is, "Oh, here I am on a bearskin rug again." Readers who have been hoping that a war in which the deepest emotions of man have been engaged for the first time since the sixteenth century would produce something extraordinary in the way of realized experience are today in somewhat the position of that unfortunate youth. Helen of Troy has arrived; her appearance is as advertised; but she turns out to be a rather blasé wench, out of whose experience nothing is to be made except that it happens repeatedly in chaotic circumstances.

In other words, "Duty to Live" is one book of a series—admirably written, with a wonderful appreciation of the most various types of those emotions that make people unreasonable, with the elaborate technical information required to make a story founded in technics sound like reporting rather than fiction—in fact with everything but a central idea. It is the story, or stories, of the crew of a B-17 Flying Fortress, pilot, co-pilot, navigator, gunners, and the rest and how all the lives came to an untimely end in a burst of Messerschmitt twenty-millimeter fire.

The narrative is double throughout, each of the individual biographies woven into the running tale of the plane's last flight with a skill that commands admiration. All the members of the crew are sharply individualized except perhaps the inevitable artist. (Was there never a bomber that had a butcher aboard instead of an incipient etcher or poet? He is getting to be as much of a cliché as the lecherous duke in grand opera.) The biographies are so well done that John Dos Passos could hardly have improved upon them; the men command attention both as individuals and as representatives of social groups.

Yet when the bomber goes down and all fates are closed together what has been achieved? What is the point of integration? There does not seem to be any. The book is no more than a set of arresting character sketches of the kind of men who fought the war, and they have no common denominator except the fact that the war wrenched them away from something that they would prefer to be doing.

If the book has an implicit statement it is that life is utterly incoherent, that its result is chaotic, that the war and life itself amount to no more than the case of Trojan

Helen on a bearskin rug again, for no reason but an unreasoning genie's bottle.

It is one of the most hopeless doctrines ever put forward and it has recently been put forward in more than one other volume from other hands, Leslie Kark's "Red Rain" being another example. The point is that this is not new. The phenomenon succeeded the last war, producing such volumes as "Company K" and running out eventually into "The Wild Party" and the novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald. "Duty to Live" is, then, the type of literature that comes out of the experience of a great and deadly conflict, the kind of thinking done by men in that conflict before they have been able to integrate their experience into any system of life.

The experience of the last war, which as indicated, produced books very much like this in kind, though far below Mr. Dedmon's level of technical excellence, did not become fully integrated till the twenties, when the integration was arrived at in the form of (for instance) "Three Soldiers." It was an integration that expressed a complete despair as to the value and purposes of the conflict, only a little less pessimistic than the lack of connected thought that preceded it. On what level the integration will take place this time it is not yet clear; but on the testimony of books like this the men who fought the war have not yet thought the war, and have very little idea why they bled and died.

San Fernando Valley's Their Home

VALLEY BOY. By Theodore Pratt. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1946. 331 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

IF the people who live in San Fernando Valley are really like the people in this book (and Mr. Pratt, who lives there too, ought to know) then they are among the strange, simple, uninhibited, happy people of this earth. They quarrel and love gaily in and out of their homes; they ride geldings in outlandish costume, build fences to look like ruins and wells that have no water; they stare into the sun to improve their eyesight, train seals, hunt Peeping Toms with all the zest and accoutrements of a Biograph posse. In other words they are the inside rim of the lunatic fringe. They are just credible enough to be human (that is Mr. Pratt's job, and he does it), and human enough to sprout every kind of emotion or tantrum.

But there is a kid here in the story, called Johnny Birch, and he is the keystone of the book. He doesn't mean to, he certainly isn't aware of it, but he holds that whole undisciplined community together inside these pages—and whether they will click with you or not depends entirely upon him. Somewhere along, one of the characters says of Johnny: "His parents aren't as old as he is. They're a whole lot younger. They don't mean to neglect him, they just do. One day a thing will happen there and somebody is going to be sorry. I hope it isn't Johnny. Be careful, or he'll pull your heartstrings out."

Well, that is about the situation in a nutshell. Mr. Pratt doesn't exactly pull out all the stops; he's too good a writer to do that. But the way he works with Johnny, Johnny does get to you, increasingly as you go along, as you watch him searching for the kind of affection he isn't getting from his honeymoonish parents. His search gets him around to every doorstep and inside everybody else's life; any other kid would have proved to be a confounded nuisance. But Mr. Pratt's Johnny is one of the most earnest and loneliest and humanest boys you have ever read about. He acts as a kind of leaven; he brings the other people about him to a crystallization of their own, simply by his being there and his needing them. It is on account of him that you will get to know and understand Kit Spaulding so well, and Myrtle Peeble, and Molly, and the Professor, and Oscar the seal, and practically everybody else he sets his eyes on. It is a story at once amusing and tender, a very good trick if you can do it, as Mr. Pratt can and did.

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Idols' Eyes, and All That

FANTASTIC MEMORIES. By Maurice Sandoz. Illustrated by Salvador Dali. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 128 *pp.* $5.

THE MAZE. By Maurice Sandoz. The same. 110 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE title of one of these books, the fact that the other is based on the Glamis legend, and the illustrations to both books by Salvador Dali, all are likely to appeal to "fantasy fans," who (generally ridiculed by our educated friends) have for years been winnowing the pulp magazines. Fantasy fiction appears to be emerging into respectability at the end of the war just concluded, as detective stories did in the First World War; and the field is even more in need of subdivision. Fantasy fiction extends from the crudest sort of Martian cops-and-robbers to serious foreshadowings of the atomic bomb and its broad social consequences; and also to complex metaphysics, to stern moralities, to speculations upon the universe at which one may say with William Blake, "Everything possible to be believed is an image of the truth."

So far as may be judged, Maurice Sandoz is neither a scientist nor a supernaturalist. Making allowances for the difference in style (and M. Sandoz has an ornateness of his own) he is a good deal like Alexander Woollcott; what he really likes is a curious incident which can be worked up into a striking anecdote; beyond that, he does not much care what its nature is. In "Fantastic Memories" he gives us fifteen such expanded anecdotes, most of which (he says) happened to him, the others to his friends or family. The incidents range from out-and-out preternatural manifestations, through odd coincidences and grotesque happenings, down to one (and one of the best) which is not supernatural nor even surprising—M. Sandoz was accepted by three half-grown fisherboys as one of themselves, and, one can see, felt all an intellectual's pride in that pleasant fact.

Within this range can be found all sorts of things: a poisonous spider big enough to be taken for a man's hand, two instances of strange embalmings, an apparition that turned out not to be Goethe and another that might have been St. Therese of Lisieux. There is even something a little like the Mad Scientist of popular fiction in the person of the author's great-grandfather, who bequeathed to his descendants a picture-book made of

"M. Sandoz is not primarily interested in the wonderful, the horrible, or even the grotesque . . . he is interested in the bizarre."

twelve pieces of tattooed skin, taken from the chests of twelve sailors who had died in hospital—but, says Mr. Sandoz, we must not blame him; what he was in search of was the secret of eternal youth, "to conserve the beauty of the woman who was his all, and to whom he meant so little,"—and apparently he succeeded, for she died at seventy, "radiantly beautiful." It is a pity that the formula is not given.

Although M. Sandoz's taste is for the outré, he sometimes touches the conventional; in one episode he tells how he bought a jewel which turned out to be the eye of an idol. I do not know how it may be in Switzerland, but in English-speaking countries anybody who buys the eye of an idol might as well say nothing about it, like the ship's company in Kipling who saw the sea-serpent; he will not be believed anyway. And that unfortunately happens to M. Sandoz fairly often. "Whatever is possible to be believed is an image of the truth"; but a good many fantastic stories are not possible to be believed; logic will ask an awkward question. In the album of tattooed skin there was a picture of a woman's head, whose earrings were formed by the sailor's nipples; but the nipples are so much farther apart than the ears that there would be no room on the upper chest for the rest of the head in proportion. Where did the decadent poet get the box of bees which he opened to produce the illusion of summer? And so on. The truth is that M. Sandoz is not primarily interested in the wonderful, the horrible, or even the grotesque, which appeal to comparatively fundamental emotions; he is interested in the bizarre.

For this reason he is the last man one would choose to treat the Glamis legend, as he does, with altered names and somewhat altered facts, in "The Maze." The broad outlines of the Glamis story are fairly familiar; there is the core, which is at least widely accepted, that in Glamis Castle there is a room the secret of which is known only to three persons at one time, the earl, his heir, who is taken into the room at twenty-one, and a trusted third person (presumably to guard against the chance of the earl and his heir dying in the same accident), and that guests in the castle are told to lock their doors and not come out at night. Then there is a penumbra of stories, based, it is said, on visions of a clairvoyante who stayed in the castle, on old tales of a curse, and so on; the best attested and most logical of these boil down to the statement that some centuries ago the eldest son born to a lady of Glamis was a monstrous and ferocious being, half man and half toad, with all the longevity of the toad, and that, being too human to kill, and rightful holder of the title to boot, he has ever since been kept in the secret room, and let out at night for exercise.

This is a promising foundation for a romantic retelling; but the very first thing such a retelling demands is a strong sense of the background, and M. Sandoz has none. His Scottish castle has a peculiar vagueness, which is explained when one notes that of all the characters, the only one to bear a Scottish name is one who is stated to be the widow of an Englishman, and who is the only one who ought not to. In the second place, it is hard to see to what emotions such a story should appeal except those of pity and terror; but there is nothing of either here. The monster of this story is evidently rational and quite well off; every night he goes for a swim, returning with a noise "like a bundle of wet wash," surely the wrong sort of grotesquerie; he is acknowledged by his collateral descendants as lord of the manor, and nothing is done without his orders; worse, from the point of view of a horror story, he is a model landlord. "O brave monster!" as Stephano says; but, as Trinculo says, "A very weak monster, a most ridiculous monster!" There is something so urbane about the treatment that one can fairly hear M. Sandoz saying to an Earl of Strathmore, "So your great-grandfather is a monster? How interesting! *Mine* was a sorcerer,"—being interested, in both, merely in the bizarrerie.

The illustrations by Dali done in a rougher manner than his polished oils, are full of the mood of romantic terror, but they must stray from the text to achieve it.

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Man in a Hurry

OF MANY MEN. By James Aldridge. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1946. 307 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

JAMES ALDRIDGE, Australian-born correspondent, was twenty-one when the war broke out, and two years older when his first war novel became a best-seller. He has now reached the advanced age of twenty-eight, and his third book has just been published. It is a novel to put an end to all his war novels unless he chooses to go backward into time and pick up again the battlefields, the blazing deserts and icy mountains he leaps through so rapidly in "Of Many Men," for this book is a novelist's panorama of World War II. It is written as if the author was always on the run all over the map, falling flat at intervals to escape a machine-gun burst and, with his notebook out, jotting down the aspect and last speech of a dying man, or the caustic, clipped remark of a companion.

It is the most breathless book we have ever had the privilege of reading. It begins in Spain, where his protagonist, a British journalist he names Wolfe, has been sickened by everything that nauseated Liberals everywhere about the Spanish Revolution. In England, he leaves a companion behind him in an English jail who languishes there, lost to the reader until the very end of the book, apparently symbolizing something that this reader failed to grasp. When the war begins, Mr. Wolfe has intellectually no faith in the ability of the democracies to stop Fascist aggression, but he has that blind stubbornness of Englishmen with their backs against the wall, who refuse to recognize that anyone can be superior to them in anything, and so are profoundly irritating and at the same time magnificent in the eyes of reasoning men of less fortunate ancestry. The war takes the hero to Finland and then in twenty rapid chapters to Norway, Syria, Greece, Egypt, Iraq, Iran, Malaya New Guinea, New York, back to the desert, then to Russia, Italy, and to France in time for the invasion. In almost every chapter there are men fighting or talking about the war. The only leisured scene is laid in New York, where Mr. Wolfe runs into the young woman whose husband he had recently observed rising into the air, minus his arms, on a barge blown to pieces on a Malayan river. This young woman, who looks exactly like the girls with honey-colored hair you can meet at cocktail parties in the slick magazines, wants Mr. Wolfe and wants him badly; but he is so impatient to get into the war again that he runs away from her without becoming involved.

Even in this comparatively idyllic scene the conversation is always in tense, brief sentences, as if all the characters were too exhausted, too feverish, or too harried to waste their breath on words. Take this final love scene as an example. "I am going," he said. "So soon, darling?" "So soon." "When will you be back? Won't you stay awhile?" "I don't know when I'll be back," he said.

It must be said that this conversational brevity is at times extremely effective. You will find critics comparing Aldridge to Hemingway because of it, though Hemingway knew just when to use it and had a genius for phrases of two or three words, just the right words. Take one more scene from the same chapter where Frances Ladd is trying to lure the hero into her bed. 'Please come home," she said. "I don't like going to that hotel of yours," he said. "It's just going there with you." "We will go to your place," she said. "Not with you, Frances." It is apparent that Mr. Aldridge in this dialogue has wasted a word or two. He could have gotten along without "he said, she said;" he could have written "to your hôtel," instead of "to that hotel of yours." When you consider that in this scene a sex-starved newspaper correspondent who has been risking his life over half the world is facing a beautiful young woman who says she loves him, these conversation pieces seem inadequate, to put it mildly. Mr. Aldridge has been highly praised for his "clipped and tense, action-conscious" dialogue; but it is doubtful if he can continue this arid device in any novel he may write in peacetime, and it can be said that it may not seem so admirable, even in his war books, for very long.

Nevertheless, "Of Many Men" will be useful as a refresher course on those terrible years of the war when the headlines in the morning newspapers were like a blow in the face. His chapters, whether they are set in Finland or in the African desert are always dramatic and explosive. These many men fighting and dying in the uniforms of many countries were suffering for a cause and were united in their faith that evil could not triumph in the end. Mr. Aldridge has expressed this faith in the essential goodness of humanity, though never in the humanity of the enemy, through all three of his books. It is a comforting conviction to have in these first troubled years of peace.

There'll Always Be an England

YEOMAN'S PROGRESS. By Douglas *Reed. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Co.* 1946. 320 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

"YEOMAN'S PROGRESS" is a light-hearted reprise of the melody that ran through "Cavalcade," a' picture that we all saw some years ago. Here we learn again, through the experiences of Mark Yeoman, that time will pass, that character will tell, that England will come through. Mark starts out at the turn of the century, being lifted up in the street to see Victoria passing by, and proceeds to muddle through everything that can possibly happen to him and to the world, with the best possible motives and the least possible shrewdness, very much a twentieth-century Candide.

Is there something symbolic in the view that writers like Mr. Reed would have us take of the modern Englishman: an earnest idealist with his eyes on the stars, tripping over every worldly trap and surviving by virtue of protective nobility? It seems neither a realistic nor a flattering portrait. Mark Yeoman learns little even from experience. He passes through two wars, and through encounters, more or less devastating, with four women. Yet he seems at the end, as he peers uncertainly ahead into 1950, to be only physically older. He has managed to come through without any judgment upon his world more incisive than a wish that it weren't so damnably upsetting a place to be alive in. With all of his cheerful looking ahead, the significant thing about him is that his past is most real to him, that his memories of his robust father, Appledore, and of the whole period of his childhood, are the real breath of life in him. That early portion of the book is by far the best.

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Winds That Blew Themselves Out

AGAIN TO THE NORTH. By Compton MacKenzie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1946. 302 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

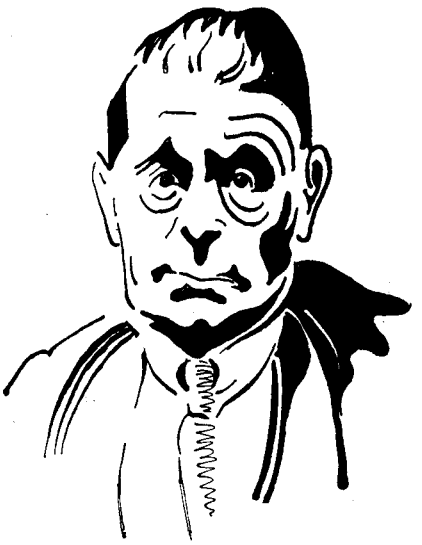
WITH the publication of this novel Compton MacKenzie's six-book "saga," "The Four Winds of Love," comes to an end. It has explored the first three and a half decades of this century as they revealed themselves through the experience of a romantic, susceptible, upper-middleclass Scotsman called John Ogilvie. Within the obvious limitations thus imposed upon it, it has been, I think, extremely successful.

There is, however, something rather dismaying about the word "saga" as applied to a piece of fiction which deals with the lives and fortunes of twentieth-century people. It is a word which rather unhappily suggests other words, such as "sargasso" and "sago." There is a hint in it of writing merely for writing's sake. The "Four Winds of Love," for example, having blown themselves through five successful books, end up in a flat calm.

For I cannot help thinking that "Again to the North" is a somewhat unnecessary book. It is an example of what Coleridge called the *cacoethes notandi*. It is a series of agreeable footnotes, a tieing up of loose ends which might better be left untied. In a very perfunctory manner Mr. MacKenzie marries John Ogilvie to Euphrosyne Ladas, the Greek poetess to whom, nearly twenty years before, John had almost offered his hand. He marries John's daughter, Corinna, to a young musician in a manner which is—for a writer as gifted as this one—not so much perfunctory as pallid. But love and marriage are merely incidents in what is, perhaps, less a novel than a political travelogue.

"Again to the North" is set, as to time, in the middle of the 1930s, and, as to place, all over the place. John Ogilvie and his daughter wander up and down between England, France, Italy, and Greece. John talks all the time. He talks about the iniquities of Hitler and Mussolini, the sinister ambivalence of Stanley Baldwin in the matter of the air estimates, the abdication of Edward VIII. He talks about the biography of Beethoven and the inadequacy of modern poets. Rarely has the sight of quotation marks filled me with such anguish. It is not that the talk is poor; it is the sort of talk which is quite permissible among friends after a good dinner. But it needs a certain seasoning if it is to be committed to print. A plot would have helped, and there is almost no plot in this novel. Moreover, Mr. MacKenzie has neglected to furnish his leading character with a sense of humor; the other people in the book are similarly lacking; and the conversations occasionally become so inhuman that they resemble nothing so much as a discourse between the various files in a newspaper morgue.

I believe that the reason for all this is that Mr. MacKenzie is not happy in the atmosphere which prevails in this book—the atmosphere of farewell. Almost all the people in it are somewhat vocally growing old; and *eheu fugaces* is a theme upon which few, if any, changes can be rung, least of all by a novelist such as Mr. MacKenzie. For Mr. MacKenzie is preëminently a novelist of youth and the supernatural. In his "saga" he has served this immortal pair faithfully and well, pursuing them, with great courage and sufficient fire, through an era which has not been particularly kind to



Compton MacKenzie "is not happy in the atmosphere which prevails in this book—the atmosphere of farewell."

either. It is because I have a great respect for him that I rather wish he had not written this book. After all, there is some difference between resting on one's laurels and sitting on them.

Celibacy in the South Seas

SHOWDOWN. By Errol Flynn. New York. Sheridan House, Inc. 1946. 308 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES P. WOOD

ERROL FLYNN'S novel is a South Sea melodrama complete and replete with all the trappings of both genre and scene. Its hero, nor is the reader too greatly surprised, is tall, dark, and beautiful. He is Irish, silent, and strong. He is shy with women, yet under his stern courtliness lies, dormant at first, capacity for Great Passion.

Shamus, skipper of the tramp ship *Maski*, set out from Rabaul with a crew of Kanaka boatmen to seek gold in the waters of a dark New Guinea river. Pygmies attacked, killing his men. Shamus himself, wounded and ill, is wrested from death by the skillful nursing of roaring Father Johannes Kirshner, missionary. But it was not Father Kirshner alone who restored Shamus to life. Out of memories of his long delirium, memories that come clearer as his masculine strength returns, comes to Shamus the vision of Sister Ganice. Soon he knows that she is beautiful but veiled and cloistered reality.

A long flashback tells of Shamus's boyhood and gentleman's education with a private tutor in Devon against which Shamus rebelled. That education and his first fleshly experience of woman had driven him to an idealization of celibacy and the life of a wanderer in the South Seas.

With the vision of Sister Ganice in his heart, Shamus sails reluctantly back to Rabaul. It is there that adventure begins. Movie actors on location, wise guys, Cleo the glamorous actress, secret government work, a strange voyage. Come passion, tempest, shipwreck, fierce battle with Anitok, cunning Pygmy tyrant. Within Shamus wars the three-way conflict of his vision of Sister Ganice, his falsely idealized celibacy, and the response of his manhood to Cleo's love. All is resolved in the end.

Yet "Showdown," though it contains absurdities, is not all absurd. As an adventure tale it moves along at a good pace. The action scenes are well imagined and presented. Though Shamus is stock Byronic and most of the other chief characters are flat and unreal, the gamin-like Cleo is well realized. Lesser people in the tale are made distinct by grotesqueness.

Celibacy in the abstract is treated with awkward satire. The paraded reflections of Shamus are dissertations on the obvious, and the consciously literary references with which the novel is studded are at least unnecessary. Like many another novel, "Showdown" is most successful where it is straightforward story; weakest, where it is most pretentious.

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Robert Dudley and Elizabeth Tudor

ELIZABETH AND LEICESTER. By Milton Waldman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 210 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

TO review a book three months after its announced date of publication is generally felt, whether justly or not, to be something of a slight and something of an injury. To Milton Waldman's "Elizabeth and Leicester" no slight is intended by this tardy review, and, one may hope, no injury will have been done by the delay. There are books which if they are not bought or borrowed and read while they are hot from the press are never read at all. There are others which, whether they find their public more slowly or not, are as good and as timely six months after publication, or six years, or sixty years, as they are in their first week. "Elizabeth and Leicester" is one of these. It belongs, with J. E. Neale's "Elizabeth" and C. V. Wedgwood's recent "William the Silent," on the very small shelf of compact, popular biographies which really illuminate the history of the sixteenth century, and are, by virtue of their insight, their scholarship, and their style, permanent contributions to historical literature.

For to the reviewer, tardy reviewing has definite advantages, not the least of which is the opportunity to observe what his confreres have said about a book, and perhaps to add a word which has been omitted, or not said emphatically enough. About Waldman's "Elizabeth and Leicester" the reviews which I have seen have generally said that this is a puzzling and fascinating story, skilfully and entertainingly told. True. Some of them have praised the deftness with which the background of Elizabethan England is sketched in, and some the craftsmanship by which unity and pace and sustained interest are given to the enigmatic love story of the queen and her powerful favorite, a love story with no certain beginning, no definite climax, and no clear end, a story composed of ambiguous clues and baffling silences, of mysteries and deceptions and contradictions, a love affair conducted at intervals for thirty years in a blaze of publicity often deliberately sought, and yet with such discretion in its calculated indiscretions that it has always been possible to doubt that there was any real love affair at all. Both kinds of praise are deserved. But in stressing the sound opinion that this is a colorful and entertaining book, and the best one to consult to satisfy a natural curiosity about the known facts, the main point has been lost sight of—the point that this is no merely competent, run-of-the-mill biography, but a rare achievement and a permanent contribution.

—Illustrations from the Bettmann Archive.

Heroine of a love story "with no certain beginning, no definite climax, no clear end."

If you are thinking of Lytton Strachey, don't. Strachey's gift was for dipping a casual bucket into the well of history; Mr. Waldman has read and pondered the sources. He has found no new fact of importance, but he has ignored no old fact, and he has massed more laborious scholarship and critical discrimination behind many of his sentences than anyone who has not worked through the documents would be likely to suspect. Strachey's lens was deliberately angled for heightened chiaroscuro and dramatic shock, and cunningly swathed in the shimmering iridescence of a highly personal style. Mr. Waldman simply tries to record each object in the clearest focus and the best light possible. He has eschewed the easy epigram and the

1945 Anisfield-Wolf Award

THE Anisfield-Wolf Award of $2,000 is made annually under the sponsorship of *The Saturday Review of Literature* to the best book or books of the previous year on racial relations. The award was established by Edith Anisfield Wolf in memory of her father, John Anisfield, and her late husband, Eugene E. Wolf. The books considered by the judges may be either in creative literature or in the social sciences. The Award Committee is made up of Henry Seidel Canby of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, Henry P. Fairchild of New York University, and Ralph Linton of Columbia University.

Books on race relations for 1945 were not so numerous as in some previous years, nor as a whole quite as impressive. Two of them, however, are outstanding. These have been selected by the Award Committee to receive the Anisfield-Wolf Award. These two books are "One Nation," by Wallace Stegner and the editors of *Look*, and "Black Metropolis," by St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton. The award is divided between them.

"One Nation" resulted from a survey of racial and religious stresses in wartime America. The editor of *Look* decided upon such a survey and it was made by Mr. Wallace Stegner and photographers from the *Look* staff. "One Nation is a pictorial presentation including over three hundred photographs collected during a year of travel and study in all parts of the United States. These are reinforced by a lucid and dramatic text. The volume deals with those minority groups against whom group opposition and hatred are most strongly channeled in various parts of the country, and offers conclusive evidence of the destructive ways in which discrimination and intolerance operate. It is a vivid and stirring book, with an immediate impact. It is also a most interesting book, in its text and in its pictures, and it sweeps all the way from familiar racial problems to less known minorities, such as the Indians of the Southwest, and the descendants of the old Spanish settlers there. The pictures of these groups are particularly beautiful and interesting.

"Black Metropolis" is a fine example of the type of intensive, scientific, and well-documented, but at the same time intelligible and readable, studies of concrete topics which are helping to dissipate the popular conception of sociology as a conglomeration of vague generalizations expressed in elaborately artificial terminology. Its subject matter is the preponderantly Negro portion of Chicago, portrayed as a city within a city. Here we have a community marked off from its human environment not only by the visible details of color and other race traits, but also by cultural differentiations which have developed among American Negroes as a consequence of their historical background. If knowledge and understanding of the various elements that make up the ONE American nation are indispensable factors in creating true national unity—and certainly they must be—this book will render a very useful service.

The Saturday Review of Literature is delighted to help in bringing to the attention of the reading public these two excellent books. An editorial on racial relations by Professor Henry P. Fairchild (page 30) accompanies the announcement of the awards in this number of the *Review*.

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titivated phrase, and sought only to make his prose completely perspicuous. The excitement of his style arises from the taut, sober effort to tell the truth.

The difference is important. The value of Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex," for instance, is that of supreme entertainment. The value of Waldman's "Elizabeth and Leicester" is of increased understanding—real understanding, because the interpretation of character and motive and event is never forced or arbitrary. All that is done is to select and present the significant facts and the possible conclusions about the relationship, over a period of thirty years, of Robert Dudley and Elizabeth Tudor. Since that relationship, with all its obscurities and complexities, was one of the major facts in English history from the accession of Elizabeth to the defeat of the Armada, you will find, after considering the evidence and Mr. Waldman's carefully identified and modestly presented conclusions, that you understand better not only a number of events which the book touches but lightly, but even some which it does not mention at all. And since the bits of evidence about that strange personal relationship are put

. . . and the story's hero.

before you so sharply and tellingly, and in so clear and coherent a pattern, and then the conclusions are so cautiously drawn, you will find yourself believing that you understand the characters involved, and the bond between them, even better than Mr. Waldman himself does, and asking almost impatiently why he is not more positive about what seems so nearly certain. That is not mere artfulness. That is the art of the historian.

The Fun G. B. S. Is Missing

MEAT THREE TIMES A DAY. By F. J. Schlink and M. C. Philips. Richard R. Smith. New York: 1946. 186 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

THE theme of the Schlink and Philips book is "that many sections of the population in this country are suffering from serious deficiencies of protein in their diet and that their health and their energies both call for a positive stepping up of the quantities and quality of animal food consumed—what the nutrition people call 'high-class proteins.'" If the cost of the meat (high-class protein) seems too high for many it is because custom dictates the purchase of expensive cuts. To Schlink and Philips it is largely a choice of values which means that just as much nutriment can be extracted from cheap as from expensive cuts.

This discussion of a high-protein diet begins at the beginning, that is with our ancestors, who were hunters. The hunters did little cooking. Today a few meats are still eaten raw (witness the "Tartar" sandwich) or partially cooked. By the advice of the doctor infants are often fed spoonfuls of raw minced meat.

The historical record is better than what anthropologists have been able to deduce about early man's eating habits. It is pretty clear that in medieval times vegetables were the chief ingredients of soups, and that even later milk was little used. Little is mentioned of vegetables even in Pepys's diary. Like others who have written on this subject, Schlink and Philips make much of the fact that tooth decay can be directly attributed to modern, refined cereals. If meat was not to be had in Tudor times, cheese or thick broths were prepared with peas and beans, both high in protein. Much is made of some experiments carried on by Dr. Clara M. Davis — experiments in which children were allowed to eat what they liked and in which they chose fresh meats, glandular organs, a yellow animal fat, a sea fish, eggs, "whole-lactic milk," five cereals, nine fresh vegetables, five fresh fruits, and sea salt. More meat, eggs, fat, and fruit were consumed than pediatricians advise. Schlink and Philips are inclined to agree with the late Dr. Woods Hutchinson that "instinct" is a better guide to food than nutritional science.

There is no doubt that food tastes have changed in the last two centuries, largely as the result of new methods of processing. The early colonists certainly consumed more meat than we do, when they could get it. If they failed to contract the diseases that the experts demanded in pre-vitamin days, it was because they were supposed to throw off the supposedly undesirable end-products of high-protein diets by working hard in the open. By the end of the nineteenth century, considerable literature had appeared which purported to prove that most people were eating too much meat and that meat when eaten in excess was injurious to health. The case against meat was clinched by Upton Sinclair's "Jungle" and by the Neil-Reynolds report, both of which described conditions in stock yards and slaughterhouses that must have turned many a stomach.

Schlink and Philips naturally quote Stefansson, who lived on meat and fat in the Arctic as well as in Bellevue Hospital (under the strict control of physicians), and all without contracting the diseases expected. But Stefansson is a much more thorough student of nutrition than either of our two authors. Other authorities are also drawn upon for evidence on the benefit that ensues when the diet is high in protein. Despite all this, nutritionists still hold that too much meat is undesirable and even detrimental to health. This whole book is an argument to the contrary. One by one accepted theories on the superiority of a vegetarian to a meat diet are examined and punctured. Schlink and Philips concede that vegetables have their place in the diet, "but their essential service is as a supplement or filler, consumed in moderation." They conclude by telling the world how to buy and cook meat and what it ought to do to correct its faulty eating habits.

It is not likely that the nutrition experts will be moved by Schlink and Philips. The truth is that we have gone crazy over vitamins, so that such authorities as Professor McCullom of Johns Hopkins are doing their best to restore our sanity by writing articles addressed to the multitude. Despite all the mounting literature on vitamins, mineral salts, and calories, not even next to the last word on the right diet for civilized man has been uttered. Far more research will have to be conducted in metabolism before we have mastered even the ABC of nutrition. Twenty or fifty years from now Schlink and Philips's book will make strange reading. But as it stands, it is a wholesome corrective for those who live on packaged cereals or the concoctions of soda jerkers.

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The Farmer, Employment, and Deflation

Two Reviews by Russell Lord

UNEASY MONEY. By Edward H. Faulkner. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1946. 114 *pp.* $1.50.

SOME three years ago this same Faulkner brought forth at this same university press a short book in much this same format. He argued that the symbol of our agricultural progress, the turning plow, puts decaying vegetative trash and other surface matter too far underground to do its best work in reviving crops and people.

This aroused a great stir of vehement support and denial, and the book sold more than half a million copies, here and abroad. It was a most useful agricultural shocker, and the compelling reason it sold so well was simply that there was a great deal of truth in its argument, in this land of high-hearted overplowing, especially.

Edward Faulkner got the idea that disc-harrowing is better for the soil than plowing when in his boyhood he saw his father reclaim rundown farms that way. A tenacious advocate, he mocked the orthodox agricultural practices and offended many comfortable authorities. I first knew him as a fellow agricultural extension teacher in Ohio twenty years ago. He was fired.

To continue his modest experiments in basic culture and write his first book he had to live lean and sell insurance for a living. Whenever I think of the money and fame he gained from "Plowman's Folly" I feel good.

This new book, "Uneasy Money," is framed as another shocker, but it lacks the angry bite of a prophet long despised, and I am afraid that on the whole it misses fire. The present Faulkner is more urbane, less sharply taunting, almost mellow. His basic argument is sound, and sufficiently startling.

We have lived pretty high, he says, on our fat—our natural endowment of fertile soil. We have exploited and exported this basic capital, and imagined ourselves still rich because we have money. What is money? He plays with the question obliquely and concludes that ours is unlikely to be a country of easy money from now on; yes, even though we think of ourselves as the world's richest people, we are likely to be pulled down to the postwar level of a general worldwide poverty, or just about, if we don't watch out, and do something.

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch
Time for a Check-up

What to do? The first move, he argues, is up to farmers. Let them cast off government subsidies or economic crutches, for the most part; let them stop hollering for higher prices and welcoming inflation, the traditional agrarian attitude. Instead, get efficient; grow more to the acre and sell it cheaper. This will reduce food prices.

Then employers can pay their employees less. With groceries cheap, and with little gardens of their own as buffer-patches against unemployment or depression, laborers and white-collar workers can keep happy with lower wages. And thus we shall all be eased, we happy Americans, into descending spirals of diminishing costs, prices, and wages, an all but idyllic, sound, and comfortable deflation.

Such suggestions have been made before, notably by Henry Ford and his tractor-partner, Harry Ferguson. Cycles of deflation, as opposed to ever-continuing price rises, might prove, indeed, the happier arrangement for the long pull. But the only new angle, really, to Mr. Faulkner's bland proposals is that farmers, who always take the post-war rap of deflation first and hardest, should embrace such chastisement this time as a golden opportunity.

In the light of this reasoning American farmers should, perhaps, give thanks that in the "twelve long years," 1920 through 1932, of a merciless post-war deflation, one farm in every four was sold for debt or for taxes.

Ah, yes, this sardonic Ed Faulkner, still busy at his needling, may say:

(*Continued on page* 42)

AGRICULTURE IN AN UNSTABLE ECONOMY. A Research Study for the Committee for Economic Development. By Theodore W. Schultz. New York: McGraw-Hill Co. 1946. 207 *pp.* $2.75.

THIS critical examination of governmental programs for farmers before the war, during the war, and now is conducted from an outside post, a chair of agricultural economics at the University of Chicago.

The argument is closely reasoned and in great detail, but the main lines of it are clear and plain. Professor Schultz starts with the sound assumption that American farming can no longer be considered a calling or a business apart. Production afield is now a business inseparably at one with transportation, fabrication, merchandising, and banking.

But agriculture is a slow business, and slow to change. Farm operations are geared low; they must move with the march of the seasons, and to the more deliberate pace of cherished rural customs. Farm production and employment remain relatively constant.

The ups and downs of businesses outside of farming are rather more quick and feverish, and from this farming may suffer. It is as if the superstructure of our economy were elastic and the basic part far more rigid. Disparities in earnings that arise become sharper whenever general industry, getting into trouble, imposes upon farmers the further burden of giving refuge to the urban unemployed.

Unemployment on farms does not show up as plainly as in town; rural unemployment becomes "underemployment," but the economic consequences become hardly less severe. The underemployment that was imposed on agriculture by the depression following the First World War, and the consequent flight countryward, had much to do, Dr. Schultz indicates, with the rural distress which led to all sorts of "farm relief" legislation, for the most part hasty patchwork.

Only the imminent prospect of war, then war itself, saved our New Deal agricultural maneuvers from breakdown. (The same might be said, indeed, of all the economic props and patches devised to shore up our capitalistic structure during the interwar years.) During the depression some six million persons left cities

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for the open country. Almost exactly that many left the farms and surged back to town during the "defense" and war boom. Dr. Schultz concludes, in effect, that this did more to straighten out agriculture's troubles than legislation ever did. Anything that is done now, he holds, should not add to the number of farmers. Post-war policies should hold down the number of farms, yet maintain abundant production; and agriculture, most particularly, should not again be penalized by a thronging unemployment.

In terms of cold-blooded economics, such reasoning may seem beyond dispute. Farm population dropped from some thirty million to under twenty-five million persons during the past war; the average size of farms rose considerably; machinery marched in to help, adding to human displacement; yet farm production went up one-third. From the dollar standpoint, then, we do not need more families out there farming. From that standpoint, we could probably do as well or better with an even greater removal of men and women from farming to industry.

Considering these facts, Dr. Schultz and his colleagues on the Committee for Economic Development are moved to challenge industry to maintain full employment and high production without passing that responsibility back to agriculture, as in the 1920's.

> If during the first two decades after the war the annual rate of increase in non-agricultural output reaches four to six percent, agriculture can be fairly prosperous, . . . and probably expand upward of two per cent a year. Should this rate prevail [Dr. Schultz continues] the greatest part of the old farm problem, which in the years between the two wars looked as though it were here to stay, would gradually disappear.

Very neat. Would it follow, perhaps, that if we follow policies which would rid us of farmers almost entirely, permitting only a very few persons to match with machines upon greater and greater acreages, then the farm problem would disappear entirely? Dr. Schultz takes a far wider range in thought and sympathies than do most economists. The personal compartment of knowledge from which he looks to the future is somewhat more spacious than most, but it is still a compartment. The American land is more than a cheap food gestation factory; it is also our homeland. The fight to determine policies respecting ownership and tenure in the light of driving human desires and needs is likely to be one of the hottest fights of our time.

A Spiritual Pilgrim

THE GRIST MILL. By Haniel Long. Santa Fe: The Rydal Press. 1945. 79 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

IT is quite logical that, whenever the field of modern American poetry is discussed, the name of Haniel Long is not mentioned. For this writer has lived in remote New Mexico for twenty years, and has chosen to bring out his books there. None of the usual commercial publicity has accompanied their publication. I do not know whether any of Haniel Long's books have ever been reviewed; or if so, where.

Nevertheless, if anyone happens to be interested in American poetry he or she cannot afford to neglect this writer: whether in "Pittsburgh Memoranda," an epic chronicle of the growth of an industrial city and of a sensitive man's reaction to it; or in "Atlantides," as fine a set of love poems as any American has written; or in the prose "Walt Whitman and the Springs of Courage," "Malinche," "The Power Within Us," or "Piñon Country," which serve to illuminate further Long's intentions. All of these books are the product of an integrated mind; the mind of a poet, concerned with one of the most important of all poetic topics, the relation of man to man and of man to God. And the product also of a style that goes deceptively deep despite its stark simplicity of surface.

Twenty-five years ago, when Haniel Long began to write, to say that he was fated to become possibly the outstanding mystic in modern American poetry would have been sufficient to arouse shrieks of derision. The younger generation at that time were proceeding to parade their disillusionment with the results of a world war in a form that did not permit of any mysticism. The age of the speakeasy and the jazz band felt no need of catharsis or of contemplation. Now, under the impact of a deadlier struggle, a considerable number of the most important poets have shown a tendency towards mysticism. Theirs is a mysticism that is decked out in trappings often freely borrowed from Eliot, Rilke, Hopkins, Auden; and it is intellectualized, rather than instinctive, a mental purgation rather than a moral one.

I do not know whether Haniel Long has ever read the modern poets mentioned above. I happen to know that he has read widely in modern Spanish literature. Probably somewhere he has run across Unamuno, whom he resembles in his ceaseless search for God. He is also keenly attracted to classic Greek writers. The present volume contains several translations and adaptations of Greek themes, and I would not advise anyone unfamiliar with classic myth to attempt it.

A lot of this book comes from the same Long whom I happen to have met over a dozen years ago. I chanced to read it after a long bout of going through many of the most discussed moderns, published over the last three years. To read Long after tackling the others was rather like having a glass of good clear spring water after too many Zombie cocktails. Haniel Long achieves a poetry that is complete within its own terms, that has no truck with prevailing fashion, that aims at saying something definite and drives direct at its utterance. Let us consider this, which states how the universal urge to life may be envisaged:

This hunger
Which only the mystery of good appeases
Trusts a reality other than itself
To nourish life. The water that reflects
The face of good does not become good; yet
Its own unquiet it betrays no longer.

And also this which describes what Long thinks life's goal might become:

A world with warm hands to keep alive
Each part of us; a world in which we put ourselves
Second, not first: a school of life that teaches
No substitutes for thinking and yet knows
Our thinking to be worth what we are worth;
A religion that does not enlist the soul
But breathes on it the way you breathe on pine needles
To start a flame.

This is Wordsworth with a difference; Wordsworth without the self-righteousness the priggishness, the cold egotism. We are going to have to look far among present-day poets before we find this quality anywhere else than in Haniel Long.

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Oil and Palestine

TO WHOM PALESTINE? By Frank Gervasi. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc. 1946. 213 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KURT WEINBERG

IN an era of economic tension, demagogues are apt to divert the public's interest from their own immediate responsibilities and to confuse the issues at stake by maneuvering their followers into an emotional attitude toward minorities. Confronted with such a situation, the commentator on world affairs may either disregard the dictates of his conscience and attempt to give an ideological basis to the demands of the mob instinct, or, maintaining his intellectual integrity, he may take a definite stand for what he considers to be justice. In no instance can he remain impartial where minority bias is involved. For "the two sides of the question" are clearly defined and delimited; they are, on the one hand, prejudice; on the other, the search for justice.

Frank Gervasi sides with that minority which, in recognition of its appreciable contribution to the cause of civilization and to the Allied war effort, has been rewarded with little more than broken promises. The author's fervent plea for a Jewish Palestine, documented as it is with a wealth of information, is doubly courageous since it may insure him double unpopularity in these days when anti-Semitism has been accepted in certain of our circles, and when the cry for a return to "normalcy" has become so universal that any attempt to remind the reader of our unfulfilled international obligations is quite likely to be received with contempt. It is obvious that "To Whom Palestine?" was conceived out of a necessity similar to that which, less than fifty years ago, caused Emile Zola to write his "J'accuse" series in defense of Alfred Dreyfus. Gervasi's book is a social and humanitarian debt paid by a Gentile observer to the first and most ruthlessly persecuted victims of Nazism.

Gervasi went to Palestine for the first time in 1939 "frankly, a pro-Arab." Just about this time the ill-famed British White Paper, disregarding the clauses of the 1917 Balfour Declaration, indefinitely suspended Jewish immigration to the country. What Gervasi, on repeated visits, saw in Palestine, taken together with his own absorbing, scholarly studies of the documentary evidence, converted him into a fervent admirer of the Jewish experiment. He was particularly impressed with the achievements of Jewish colonization, which has made the desert bloom, erected modern cities like Tel-Aviv, built harbors like Haifa, and brought a new standard of living, social consciousness, hygiene, and education to the once-illiterate, feudally exploited Arab worker. Recognizing that the Jews did not succeed in providing an adequate net of road and rail communications, Gervasi ascribes this failure to the antagonism of the British administration, which had well foreseen the chances for success of an armed revolt supported by modern transportation.

The author finds oil the key to the Palestine problem. For the sake of the oil interests, all the promises of the Balfour Declaration and the principles of the Atlantic Charter have been sacrificed. Because the rulers of Saudi-Arabia, Iraq, and Iran between themselves own two-thirds of the world's oil supply, every pressure is being exerted by the international oil cartels to force the Western Allies into humiliating concessions to the Arab leaders. This notwithstanding the fact that, as documented by Gervasi, the Arab leaders' wartime record ranges from bashful coquetry to downright collaboration with the Axis. Both the oil magnates and the rulers of Arabia fear that the progress introduced by the Jews in Palestine, spreading over the entire Middle-East, may eventually awaken the social forces dormant in the Fellaheen. Such a development, ending the badly exploited Arab worker's blind submission to the pragmatic theocracy of Islam, might substitute for that fanatic belief in Moslem imperialism which aspires to the reconquest of the former Moorish and Turkish empires the Western dream of evolution and freedom. For the Arabs, inspired by their political and spiritual leader, Sheik Mustapha El Maraghi, the rector of the Arab El Azhar University, have never given up the dream of the reëstablishment of a Moslem empire which, less than a millennium ago, engulfed most of the European countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

Oil is only one factor, although the most decisive, which aids in determining the laxity of the democracies when dealing with the Palestine problem. Foremost among the calamities of Middle Eastern politics is Great Britain's need to hold on, as the most impoverished victor nation, to colonies, dominions, and mandates in a world that tends to safeguard national markets and further to discourage international trade. Gervasi reminds us of the fragility of Britain's claim. Palestine, a League of Nations mandate, on the League's dissolution, should logically have ceased to be a British protectorate. By the same inherent logic, Palestine should today be placed under the trusteeship of the UNO until an adequate solution to her national problem is found.

"To Whom Palestine?" is a disturbing and challenging document written by an author who combines with the flair of the newspaperman intellectual integrity.

The beach at Tel-Aviv. "Jewish colonization has . . . brought a new social consciousness, hygiene, and education to the once-illiterate, feudally exploited Arab worker."

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The Technique of Wrapping It Up

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE PICTURE STORY. By Daniel D. Mich and Edwin Eberman. New York: McGraw Hill Book Co. 1945. 231 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by ROGER BUTTERFIELD

IN an enthusiastic introduction to this book Dean M. Lyle Spender of the School of Journalism of Syracuse University says that it is, in a sense "a 'Das Kapital' in the publishing world." I doubt whether it is quite so radical as that. It reminded me more of Horatio Alger, the celebrated nineteenth-century author who was perhaps the perfect opposite of Karl Marx. A fairly descriptive title of this book might be "From Rags to Riches in the Lush Picture Magazine Business."

It is a very precise and scientific book, nevertheless. As the first inside exposition of a highly mysterious and even more highly profitable branch of the publishing industry, it should interest advertising men, publishers, management executives of magazines, writers, photographers, artists, cartoonists, and editors. Messrs. Mich and Eberman belong in the last category, and this is plain on every page. They certainly know what they want from their staff. "Wrap it up," they say, in their chapter entitled "Writing The Picture Story"—"Wrap it up . . . leave the reader gasping, laughing, raging—or at least pleasantly satisfied."

This is sound advice for an eager journalism student or a hard-boiled staff writer. But it is not exactly revolutionary. Daniel Defoe and Ben Franklin knew how to "wrap it up," and so did James Gordon Bennett and Charles Anderson Dana. So did William Randolph Hearst and his mighty men of the *American Weekly* magazine, which has flourished for decades with "picture stories" that are very much like the ones described in this book. One of the greatest feats of the weekly picture magazines, in fact, has been to persuade the reading public that the printed matter they sell is something new under the sun.

The new element in picture magazines is, of course, the great advance in camera technique which began in Germany around 1925 and spread, rather gradually, to the rest of the world. Its most highly skilled practitioners today are the men who take pictures for American magazines. During the war these men, together with some of their colleagues in the armed forces and the news services, lifted the profession of photo-journalism to new heights of expertness, daring, and art. We owe our most vivid impressions and our most important record of the war to them.

Yet this book by two able editors of *Look* makes it very clear that photographers are not trusted in the publishing offices of our present-day picture magazines. They have nothing to say, it seems, about which of their pictures are used, how they are used, how the magazines are edited, or anything else. They are regarded, in general, as a race of talented children to be humored and pampered until their picture-taking is done, and then pushed out of the way. Messrs. Mich and Eberman offer specific advice on this score:

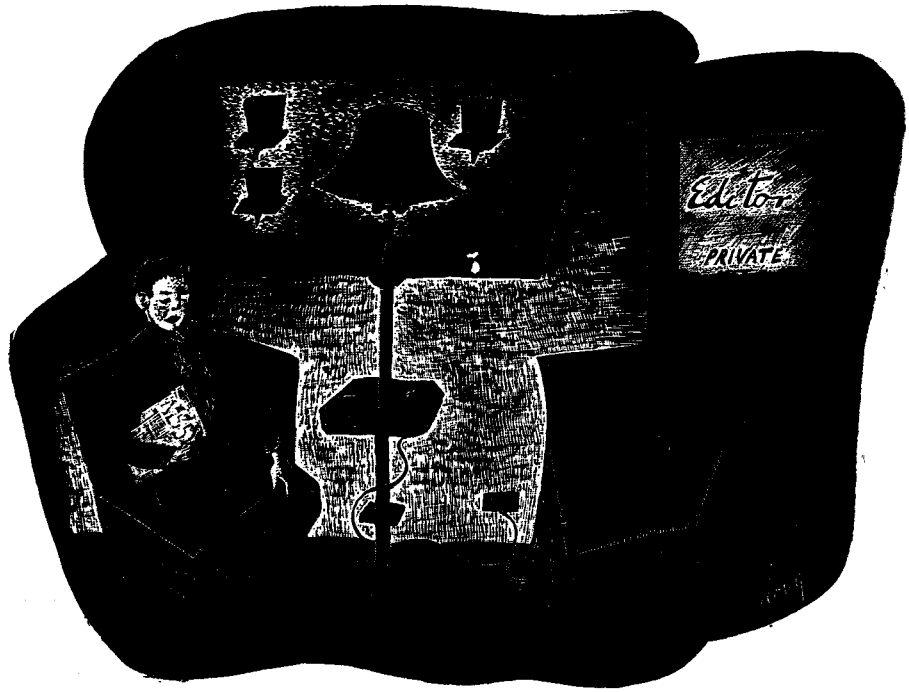
> Almost any good photographer is likely to display temperament at times—to state the case mildly. On such occasions, the writer has to be his most unruffled self, capable of all the tricks of diplomacy. . . . The seasoned writer "plays up" the photographer while they are working together. . . .

I am not a photographer myself, but I know that is the way it works. The one original creative producer of every picture story—the photographer—is ignored while the story is being prepared for the public. The reason for this is, of course, the celebrated picture magazine "formula." There has been considerable debate about this formula, and some editors will flatly deny that it exists. This book should go far toward settling the matter. The authors have set down the formula in exact and scientific terms, and have even illustrated it with a picture story of their own, mostly photographed in the offices of *Look*.

The first step, according to them, is to do "preliminary, basic research" on the story subject. The next, and apparently most important, is to "be sure of your 'angle.'" The best way to be sure of an "angle" is to "think in terms of the title or headline." The title, in fact, often comes before anything else. Many stories are selected solely because someone thought of what is here called a "selling" title.

After the title is well in hand, a "shooting script" is prepared. The main thing is to shape the script very carefully around the previously selected "angle" and title. Of course the photographer should be allowed to take an occasional picture that appeals to him, and which is not on the script—and sometimes this is a very good picture. But there is little leeway in the formula for such activity. Most stories used by magazine editors and writers are "palpably manufactured," to use another Mich-Eberman phrase.

The formula also covers the much-discussed question of what kind of stories are most desirable. According to the book, the first requirement is "an interest which transcends spot news"—in other words, in which news value is unimportant. The authors admit that *Life* does publish some "news picture stories," but no other large-circulation magazine does. Therefore *lack* of news interest ranks No. 1 in the desirable qualities of a picture story. Other high-ranking requirements are "universal interest" and "focus on people, rather than things." The authors indicate their own choice by their statement that "the story of a boy and girl in



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love is still the most appealing that can be told, pictorially or otherwise." This automatically raises the thought of Hollywood, and the authors make this revealing pronouncement: "Many of the problems involved in constructing picture stories are similar to those involved in making movies."

What is described here, then, is a flourishing industry which produces printed "stories" in much the same way that Hollywood produces movies, and for much the same purpose. Messrs. Mich and Eberman have not even attempted to claim any great ideal or public mission for the picture magazines. For this, I think, they are to be heartily commended. Just to make sure they followed their own advice I bought a current issue of *Look* and found that it answered their specifications exactly. It happened to be an all-Hollywood issue, with "picture stories" about Ingrid Bergman, Van Johnson, Eric Johnston, and the rest. The only variation was a picture story headlined "The Barbecue . . . An Old American Institution." I read through three of four picture captions on this before discovering that it was a full-page ad for tomato ketchup and other Heinz products. It made quite an interesting story.

Perhaps some other author — or team of authors—may want to tackle the question of whether picture magazines can or should be any better than they are. Meanwhile I welcome this book as a frank and honest introduction to a business which pays salaries to a large number of people and provides "universal" and generally harmless entertainment to millions more.

Civilians Welcome Once More

CALABASHES AND KINGS. An Introduction to Hawaii. By Stanley D. Porteus. Palo Alto, California: Pacific Books. 1945. 245 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN GRANT BURROWS

ABOUT every other year, or nearly that often, there seems to be room for another book on Hawaii. This ought to be a particularly good year for one, as the ships are carrying civilian passengers again, after more than four years on war service. Besides, Hawaii's appeal for statehood is before Congress once more, and this time the President has recommended granting it.

Dr. Porteus has made 1945 one of the better years for books on Hawaii. His qualifications include nearly a quarter century of residence in the islands, and a range of interest that extends from volcanoes through flowers to human beings. Although he is a professor of psychology, his book is distinctive not for psychological profundity but for the light touch and the occasional quip, only the least bit professorial, with which he treats everything from scenery to politics. "Calabashes and Kings" can be recommended as the best guide-book for this year's tourists, and probably for those of some years to come.

It is also a good starting-point for anyone interested in the merits of Hawaii's application for statehood. Those who wish to inquire further will find, especially in the introduction, a discussion of other books on Hawaii. Anyone who has an opinion on that subject will doubtless mourn the failure to mention one or two favorites. Probably no one would deny that on the whole Dr. Porteus has chosen the best. For this purpose, though, it would have helped to bring the references together in a bibliography.

The first chapter is a readable summary of the history of exploration of the Pacific by white men, with emphasis, of course, on Captain Cook's discovery of Hawaii and his death there. The second chapter goes back to those earlier discoverers—the Polynesians who first settled Hawaii. The story has been often told, but it can stand a lot of telling, for the voyages of Polynesian canoes are a classic of human achievement. Beside them even the Vikings' discovery of New England, since it was made by way of Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador, was only coastwise navigation.

Issues still burning come in for discussion in the chapters "Of Sugar and Shekels" and "Perplexities in Paradise." After reviewing the growth of the sugar industry, the author passes judgment on the economic oligarchy that dominates business in the islands. The judgment is favorable, in contrast to that of Alexander Macdonald in "Revolt in Paradise," the last previous book on Hawaii. That was a triumphant dirge over the oligarchy, supposed to have fallen before the converging onslaught of labor organizers and military government.

But even before the war ended, military government in the islands had beat a not altogether dignified retreat. Labor unions have made great gains; yet the economic oligarchy is hardly shaken. Dr. Porteus is well pleased that this should be so.

Most useful as a guide-book, but not less readable for that, is Part Two, which follows a formula common in Hawaiian songs, devoting one chapter (in the songs, one stanza) to singing the beauties of each of the larger islands. The "Big Island," Hawaii, is discussed under the title "Terra Infirma." Emphasis is on the still active volcanoes, whose eruptions and lava flows are gorgeously described with the aid of reports from the government station. Even in dealing with these titanic phenomena the light touch does not fail. For example: "In between blasts the observatory staff continued to make their regular circuits of the pit, recording such facts as the following: 'A rock weighing 300 pounds landed 1,400 feet from the rim and bounced 150 feet from [to?] its present position.' It is only natural to suspect round numbers such as these. Is it possible that the observations were a little hurried?"

By comparison, the chapter on Oahu, far the most populous and best known of the islands, seems perfunctory. But Porteus was captivated by the green valleys of Kauai. In recalling his visits to some of the just barely accessible parts of this island, he manages to share a good deal of his own delight. A chapter on Maui stresses the community spirit whose most conspicuous result has been to put more than one Maui swimmer on an American Olympic team.

The concluding chapter, "Home in Hawaii," discusses why so many people, from places as far apart as New England and the author's native Australia, have "missed the boat" and stayed on in the islands. The final sentence succeeds in summing up a good deal of the impression the place makes, at least in time of peace: "Day follows day in peaceful procession, and if you will only let Hawaii have its way with you, the nervous, feverish, hurrying spirit that is the bane of modern existence will be exorcised and disappear."

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Strictly Personal

FROM FOXHOLE TO FOOTLIGHTS

Thomas Sugrue

AT six o'clock on the evening of October 5, 1943, in a foxhole on an island in the Pacific, a sailor named James Mercer Beasley, aged twenty, stood guard. From the heavens a Japanese bomb descended. Because on this particular island there are still some Japanese hiding out, what happened in the ensuing seconds cannot as yet be publicly revealed. The Navy says so. It can only be stated that young Mr. Beasley was removed from his position a distance of sixty feet and placed in a state of unconsciousness. Some time later he was sent home, returned to civilian life, and told to do no labor, either physical or mental, for at least a year.

He did his best to obey. He went to Miami and slept six straight hours every day. To relax his mind he spent four hours each day dictating to two stenographers. To keep himself in physical trim he spent all of the remaining fourteen hours running a restaurant.

What he made in the restaurant and what he dictated to the two stenographers comprise the organizing capital and the plan of the American Theatre, a producing and acting group which, when it brings its first production to New York, will present Broadway with a new kind of theatre. This seems impossible, but it's so. Members of the cast will rotate parts; they will serve as stars, extras, stage hands, electricians, and supporting players. None will be over twenty-one or under eighteen. They will act in a show which will tell about themselves—their origin, their methods, and their purpose. It is called "Hit the Road," and its author is Mr. Beasley. The whole thing goes back to something which happened to him when he was six years old. Other people have been stage-struck at as early an age, but in Mr. Beasley's case the word "struck" is an understatement. He was detonated.

It happened in Havana, where the Beasleys, for the time, were staying. Mercer Beasley, James's father, was at the height of his fame as a tennis coach; he had under his tutelage such players as Ellsworth Vines, Wilmer Allison, and Frank Parker. Where the sun was shining and tennis was being played, the Beasleys were in residence. James, who was born in Chicago, changed schools so often that he never completed anything formal beyond the seventh grade. The rest of his knowledge was self-sought and self-administered. In Havana he was bored and unoccupied. His mother, to amuse him, made of a cupboard and some cretonne a toy theatre, with curtains that parted when pulled by a string. The effect was immediate, and far beyond Mrs. Beasley's intentions. In the next six years four more toy theatres were built, each one more complete and elaborate than its predecessor. At thirteen, in Bermuda, James built with his own hands a full-size theatre. Its seating capacity was twenty-five; it exhibited silent movies, with stage shows as added attractions. The stage shows were written, directed, and produced by James. He also acted in them. The other actors were boys and girls of similar age. The enthusiastic backer and assistant producer was Mercer Beasley.

When the theatre had been running for two months the cast played a command performance at the governor's ball. The governor and his lady tried to sit up straight and guffaw politely at Laurel and Hardy in "Love and Hisses," but halfway through they gave way and rolled in their seats, howling with glee. When James came on to perform two pantomine acts the audience was properly conditioned. He was a hit.

As the Beasleys moved, James built more theatres, some at Spring Lake, N. J., some in California, additional ones in Bermuda. Always he did the complete job himself—carpentry, wiring, painting, scenic designing. When he was fourteen he wrote his first song, a love ballad entitled "Always You." "It was very bad," he says. "Always You" was followed almost immediately by fifteen other songs, all with either "love" or "you" in the title. They were also bad. Meanwhile, on visits to New York, James was studying the New York theatre. If he liked a show he went to see it a minimum of five times. He saw "Babes in Arms" twelve times, and Maurice Evans's five hour version of "Hamlet" fourteen times. He sat through thirty-one consecutive performances of "Panama Hattie."

IN 1940 the Beasley theatres dropped movies and went in for full-length stage shows, most of them musicals. The music employed was canned, reproduced on a Beasley-designed speaker, and combined with color. Here the backer and assistant producer, Mercer Beasley, was of great help, being, in his son's words, "an expert sound man." He performed his job so well that son James was able to stand in the pit and direct the non-existent orchestra.

The mixture of color and sound created an illusion which brought startling results. On the first night it was used, at Spring Lake, there were thirty-two people in the audience. The curtain went down on an empty stage. Music and color ended the play. There was silence for a minute and thirty-two seconds. James knows. He was timing it. Then came the first ovation the theatre had ever received. Next night there were 172 people standing in line when the doors opened. The next night almost five hundred came. The cast gave three shows and retired in exhaustion.

The theatre finally had to close because of too much patronage. The Beasleys were pleased. They had something. They called it "Flowing Color." James put it away for the future.

Already he was writing complete plays and musical comedies, in addition to the material for the reviews presented in the Beasley theatre. When the war came he joined the Navy and spent his spare time piling up a backlog of songs, plays, and plans for a theatrical group which would fulfill his idea of what an acting troupe should be. He also wrote verse, some of which he sent to President Roosevelt as a birthday

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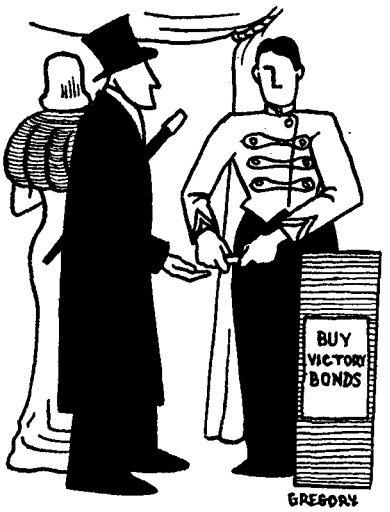
gift. President Roosevelt thanked him by letter. That started a friendly exchange which produced more verse and more letters. There are nine letters in all, and they are cherished above all the Beasley manuscripts, even the newly completed "Concerto for Voodoo Drum."

When the year of inactivity was up James returned to New York, moved into the Brevoort, took a job as waiter in a midtown hotel, and started the American Theatre. He had one partner, a young acting friend named David Little. David became his assistant. Together they set out to organize a group of young people between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one, which would devote itself without reservation to learning to act—trouping to small towns, rotating roles, working at the menial tasks of production, submitting to discipline, and suppressing individual eccentricities in an effort to effect for the group a thorough theatrical apprenticeship. Each applicant for membership was given the same simple statement of basic principle.

"The trouble with the theatre today," he was told by James, "is that it is too easy. In too short a time a girl or boy with looks and a desire to be famous can rise from high school dramatics to a leading role on Broadway. After five years he or she is playing the same kind of role and making the same mistakes.

"The so-called summer drama schools do not teach young people how to act. They are filled with egotistical adolescents who pay from one to five hundred dollars for a session. Instead of learning theatre they learn how to have a good time. They play on the same stage with a Broadway actor or actress. They do no real work—scrubbing or carpentering, lighting, handling props. Their audiences are conditioned, not highly critical. On the strength of their 'experience,' they come to Broadway and get important parts at which they do miserably."

The American Theatre, he goes on to explain, will teach acting the hard way. It will employ discipline, breed humility, and, it hopes, produce actors. Nobody with professional experience will be accepted. All members in the beginning will be considered worthless. Each must agree to absolute obedience in all matters pertaining to the organization. There is to be no smoking, no unnecessary moving about, and absolute silence during work periods. Girls are not to wear jewelry or makeup at rehearsals; tardiness or absence, unless satisfactorily explained, will result in dismissal. Unparliamentary language—swearing—is taboo. The



charter states that "any conduct unbefitting a lady or gentlemen will result in instant dismissal." Each new member must sign, in the presence of witnesses, a promise to abide by this charter.

These are harsh terms for youngsters. For a while there were only about twenty present at the daily workouts at the Brevoort. Then the word got around. One afternoon recently more than three hundred applicants called on James and David in two and a half hours. They *wanted* discipline.

THAT first group of twenty put in more than two dozen hours on the fundamentals of human speech—pronouncing vowels. Others will do likewise. They will then be taught to speak and to walk in a manner which, though natural to them, is graceful and effective. They will be taught to obey any command instantly. Girls will be expected to weep on demand.

"An actress should be able to do it," is James's opinion.

Soon those of the group who have passed the training tests, endured the discipline, and shown the most talent will join the cast of "Hit the Road." Later, in June, they will go on tour. The company will number about twenty; it will travel by station wagon; it will be chaperoned by an older woman, perhaps James's aunt. There will be one trailer, carrying the lighting equipment. No scenery will be taken. Except for Memphis and a few other regional centers, no towns which have had so much as a night of stock in the last twenty years will be played. Each town will be a subscriber to the American Theatre, with the privilege of a minimum of two productions. One half of the gate receipts will go to the local veterans' rehabilitation efforts; food and lodging for the troupe—at farmhouses and private homes—will be extracted; the remainder will go to the troupe. If there is money for wages, they will be paid. Salaries will probably not exceed twenty dollars a week.

Members of the troupe will rotate as stars, prop men, electricians, bit players, and prompters in all of the shows. The productions will be dramas and musical comedies, with "Flowing Color"—canned music and lighting—instead of an orchestra and baby spots. James would like to play the current Broadway musicals, "Oklahoma," "Carousel," and "On The Town," for he feels that otherwise the audiences in small cities and towns throughout the South, Midwest, and Northwest will never see them. But he has little hope of winning permission from Broadway producers. They have been outstandingly unsympathetic.

"I suppose we'll have to do our own shows," says James. This means the four musicals and two plays which he has written, including "Hit the Road." It will be more in the spirit of the group if these and similar efforts are produced, for the vigor, the flaming ambition, the endless patience and good nature of the youngsters in the group are qualities which demand fresh, audacious material.

"Since everything else is our own, we might as well be our own authors," says James. "'Hit the Road' will tell the story of our group from the first telephone call to the opening night in Memphis on June 15th. It will dramatize simply, musically, and, we hope, effectively, what we want to do. It will be about young people in the theatre and it will be played by young people in the theatre. It will be fresh; it will be new; I hope it will be appealing and successful. After playing in New York we will take it to the whole country, which is where the American Theatre belongs."

When the summer is over the troupe will return to New York and try itself out again on Broadway. There is an old theatre on 63d Street, dark for many years, which it hopes to obtain. The members will do the rehabilitating, refurbishing, and redecorating. They hope to make it their permanent home.

Anyhow, some time soon the New York drama critics will get a look at the American Theatre, "Flowing Color," and James Mercer Beasley. It may be a momentous occasion for the theatre. At least it will be something new.

One thing should be understood. Mr. Beasley's future does not lie in the theatre.

"It cannot," he explains. "The American Theatre is non-union. My future lies in battle."

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KNOWLEDGE, FEELING, AND RACE PREJUDICE

RACE prejudice must be just about the most unpopular sentiment in the world today, if one is to judge by what he reads and hears in the various mediums of public expression. Yet it is to be suspected that most of us, if we honestly searched our own hearts, and objectively observed the behavior of our neighbors, would have difficulty in escaping the conviction that race prejudice, or something that goes by that name, is a characteristic attitude among a very large part of contemporary mankind.

What is the significance of this seeming inconsistency? Does it mean that a few exceptionally broad-minded and emotionally pure individuals are undertaking to tell the rest of us weaker vessels how we ought to feel toward our fellow men? Or is there a latent element of hypocrisy running through most of the current discussions, leading people to proclaim noble principles that they do not adhere to in their own inner feelings or sincere conduct? Or, due to a lack of intensive study and critical analysis, do most of us know very little about the subject?

It is probable that the truth is to be found in an ascending ratio corresponding to the order of the foregoing queries. It is certainly true that most of us, including even some who rank as experts in the field, have made very little effort to understand the real nature of group feeling, to differentiate among the various types of groups of which society is composed and the diverse emotions and sentiments that are associated with those groups, or to use conventional words and phrases with care and precision. Yet exactly this kind of care and study is indispensable if the grave and urgent problems that arise from group relations are to be dealt with efficiently and constructively, not to say scientifically.

This is why the Anisfield-Wolf Award, the results of which for the year 1945 are announced in this issue, represents a very valuable contribution to the building of a happier, peaceful world. To the extent that it realizes its purpose of encouraging and popularizing accurate and stimulating discussions of the phenomena of group contact it will do its part to make the results of that contact friendly, sympathetic, and beneficent.

Obviously, any such single effort is only a drop in the bucket. Indeed, any strictly educational program, however comprehensive and ambitious, can never wholly solve the problem. For the evils that are associated with the stereotype "race prejudice" are essentially a matter of feeling, not of knowledge. No amount of knowledge will make a mean man kind, tolerant, or generous.

Nevertheless, we must have knowledge, and there is no danger of our getting too much too soon. The very phrase "race prejudice" is an excellent case in point. In most of the contexts in which it is used the term is a complete misnomer. In the first place, a large part of the phenomena to which it is applied are not racial at all—that is, biological—but cultural, and hence call for types of treatment entirely different from those that are appropriate when dealing with heriditary factors.

In the second place, and much more importantly, probably the major part of the feeling commonly referred to is not real prejudice, but antipathy. This is not mere word juggling. Every genuine prejudice is bad, even favorable prejudice—for prejudice may be favorable as well as unfavorable—for the simple reason that a prejudice is a *pre-judgment* that is a judgment in advance of the evidence or without any evidence.

But unfortunately the most serious group discord exists among groups that are actually in contact with each other, and have considerable knowledge of each other's characteristics. It is an expression of the ancient and well-nigh universal human fact that we like our own kind of people better than we do other kinds. The common liberal assumption that with fuller acquaintance the antipathy will disappear is not necessarily true.

These brief reflections are certainly not to be interpreted as a defense of hatred, intolerance, or discrimination, racial or any other kind. They are a plea for fuller, more intensive, more scientific study of the essential nature of group loyalty and group feeling, for an immeasurably wider grasp of the truth in this vital field, and for a readiness to face the truth, when established, squarely and courageously and to use it intelligently in the interest of the brotherhood of all mankind.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD.

Illinois River

By Henry John Firley

A rawhide tug hitched to bull-team strength,
Pulling Lake Michigan through the prairie.

A gull's flight measuring the flowing length
From the Great Lakes to the Mississippi.

A flashing roll of tapestry
Of silver fish and birch canoe.

A silver thunderbolt shot through
A cornfield sky in summertime.

A flooded county crisscrossed in a mesh
Of tidal townships. A trough of fresh

Auburn rain and red weather
Of October trees. A span of strong
White stallions hitched to a giant sod-buster
Throwing open a flashing furrow.

The tide of a straightened wedge of grey
Geese edging its southward way
Through the haunting rustle of leaning
Fodder stalks. The frothy color
Of wild plum flowers flowing
Like a forest on a windy day.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Wylie vs. Miller

SIR: How could the *SRL*, usually so fair-minded, publish a review by *Philip Wylie* of a new book by *Henry Miller*? It seems to me just about as sporting (and as sensible) as asking Adolf Hitler to review the Old Testament.

I don't know the works of Henry Miller, but if I have to "run for my life," it will certainly be away from Philip Wylie, regardless of whether it takes me into the arms of Henry Miller.

I don't like autobiography under the guise of review. Mr. Wylie reminds me of those pathological people who abuse others in their rage at themselves at not being like them. Or perhaps he is just slick at his stomach.

CLAUDIA HATCH STEARNS

Ridgefield, Conn.

And We Promised to Quit

SIR: Mr. Percy Westlake (*SRL* Jan. 5) quotes J. M. Barrie's Scot on shall and will. Apparently Barrie gave much thought to this subject, for I remember another character of his who makes a comment upon it. When old Dr. McQueen in "The Little Minister" begins to suspect that Babbie is not the gipsy she pretends to be, he asks the little minister thoughtfully: "You saw how she kept her feet among her shalls and wills? Never trust a Scotch man or woman who does not come to grief among them."

BETTY C. LAMB

Pine Orchard. Conn.

In Rebuttal

SIR: Holding your *Review* in the respect that I do, I was sorry to see your reviewer, Mr. Louis Fischer, so completely miss or ignore the point of my "Picture History of Russia" in his piece published by you January 12. He conceded that my picture collection was "useful" but then, instead of explaining how or why it might be useful, proceeded only to snipe at doctrinal targets, as though he sought to pick a fight with my scholarly advisers sooner than tell your readers what the book might do for them that other books won't do.

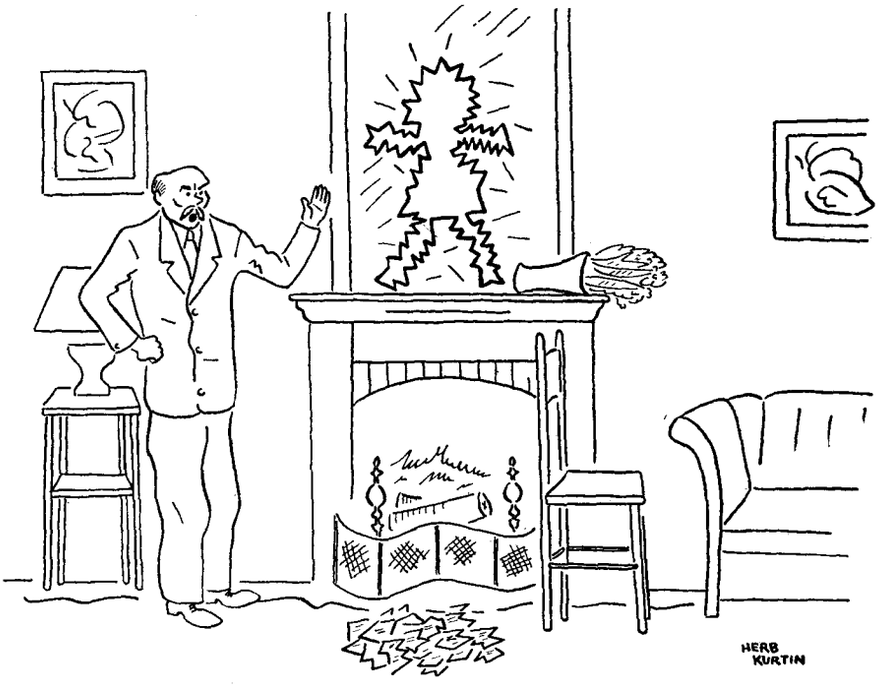
In delineating the early eras of Russia's long history, I was not "following the new Soviet pattern of rehabilitating pre-Bolshevik Russia," as he rather sneeringly says. On the contrary I was trying, as stated in the preface, "to help plain people obtain a plain picture . . . of who the Russian people are, whence they came, what they have done . . . etc." Without exception, all other important reviews of my book have evaluated the job done in the light of the purpose thus stated. Obviously Mr. Fischer is not a "plain person": one is aware and respectful of his extensive, intimate knowledge of Soviet Russia, out of which he has evolved certain strong and doubtless justifiable opinions on that country. But from *The Saturday Review's* point of view it is too bad that a sharp-shooting specialist should have devoted so much of his space to trick shots, obscure in purpose, when a simple estimate, however unflattering, of a simple effort would have been much more useful to your readers as well as to the undersigned. When I used to write book reviews (some of them for you, I proudly recall), one of the rules used to be to credit or discredit an author for his performance on his own premise. The late Heywood Broun used to review plays, if you remember, in about the same way he reported ball games: he told what happened, memorable or otherwise, and he gave you the final score. It was a pretty good and fair system, I always thought.

I join Mr. Fischer in deploring the absence from my book of pictures by Maggie Bourke-White, but you would be surprised how inextricably bound around by Lucian copyrights and other red tape are the works of that talented young lady. You would also be surprised how far over backwards the U.S.S.R. leans today to avoid charges of "propagandizing," with the result that the none too satisfactory files of Sovfoto remain practically the only source of uncopyrighted post-revolution photographs.

Mr. Fischer's objections to certain of my Trotsky and Stalin references are unimportant, as is your Book-of-the-Month Club reviewer's objection to calling Rasputin a "monk." But while I am sounding off, I may as well reply, to wit: (1) Trotsky & Co. certainly sloganned, "Revolution in one country is impossible," in contrast to Stalin's later thesis for "socialism in one country." I don't see that my paraphrasing of the Trotsky view goes too far. (2) It is indisputable that Stalin "had a large hand in" the 1936 Soviet Constitution, whence the phrase "he who does not work, does not eat" is quoted. Stalin edited and re-edited and certainly read proof on that Constitution. If he did not write in that Biblical phrase, he surely subscribed to its use. Anyway, the phrase was quoted only to illustrate Stalin's fondness for classical and Scriptural echoes, arising from his theological schooling, brief though it was. (3) If Rasputin was not a monk, at least he posed and was accepted by the Russian court as one. He visited and studied as one at Mount Athos Monastery, among other places. And, monk or no monk, my report surely defines him as what he basically was: an extremely high-powered charlatan.

JOHN STUART MARTIN

New York, N. Y.



"Darling, have you been reading those Alice books to Gwendolyn lately?"

SIR: I am sorry Mr. Martin thinks I sniped. What is the meaning of "snipe?" It means to aim at a small target. Every review of a book is concentration on a small target, the book. I see no "trick shots" in my review. It was a political review. Of course, I am a political person. I said the book was "useful." I offered some comments on the political implication of the book. I could not have done less. I see evidence in Mr. Martin's letter that he is excessively sensitive. For instance, he insists that the phrase "He who does not work does not eat" comes from Stalin and from the 1936 Constitution. It actually dates back to 1918. In Moscow, you can see that same proverb on a monument in Soviet Square to the 1918 Constitution. I cannot understand why Mr. Martin should be so upset about my comment. I wish him well.

LOUIS FISCHER

New York, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

THE CASE OF EZRA POUND

READERS' reactions to the Ezra Pound controversy, outlined in this column on February 9, are so evenly divided that I found it hard myself to believe the result. The letters, however, have been filed in the *SRL* offices, where anybody can see them for himself. As of February 25, I had received 289 expressions of opinion; 142 opposed the exclusion of Pound poems from Conrad Aiken's new anthology of American poetry; 140 approved their exclusion. Seven people simply could not make up their minds, and took the trouble to tell me so!

The letters, which averaged two full pages each, were intensely earnest, often angry, all amazingly interesting. There wasn't a single "nut" letter in the lot. They represented a true cross-section of America. They came from every corner of the country, and were signed by judges, doctors, ministers, authors, critics, booksellers, factory workers, and housewives. Some of the names were nationally known; most of them were average American citizens, vitally interested in a problem whose connotations they recognized fully. It was particularly gratifying to note the interest of service men, including one soldier who actually helped arrest Pound in Italy, and another who had a leg blown off by a Nazi mine.

Despite their deadly seriousness, the letters provided an occasional glint of amusement. No fewer than twenty-two concluded with exactly the same admonition: "Stick to your guns." Ten could not resist pointing out that I had been "penny wise, Pound foolish." One letter said, "It makes me proud to know there still are publishers in America with your standards." The very next one I opened declared, "Because of your disgraceful action I am cancelling my subscription to *SRL*, and will never buy another book published by your house."

It is damn unpleasant to admit a mistake publicly, but I see no way out of it. I am thoroughly convinced that our omission of the Pound poems from the volume in question was an error in judgment, to be rectified as soon as possible. This does not mean that my abhorrence for Ezra Pound the man has abated one iota, or that the legal mumbo-jumbo declaring him "insane" is any more palatable to me. I base my conclusions on the following premises, emphasized so ably by many correspondents:

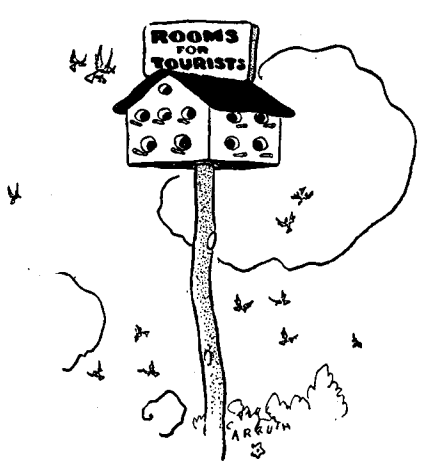
1. This was not a whole book by Pound; it was an anthology. We entrusted Conrad Aiken with the task. When he insisted on including Pound, we had the right to protest, or to refuse to publish the book altogether; we exceeded our prerogative in overriding him.

2. The poems themselves contained nothing pernicious. Many correspondents questioned Pound's right as a poet to be included in a representative anthology of American verse, but I need scarcely point out that this had absolutely nothing to do with the issue involved.

3. Many of the letters upholding my original stand, while deeply sincere, obviously sacrificed all logic for hot indignation. This, of course, is precisely the accusation made against me by Lewis Gannett. The growing suspicion that he might be right was deeply disturbing.

4. The clinching argument was: "Once begun, where can you draw the line in this sort of thing?" If Pound is thrown out of a Modern Library anthology, have not other readers the right to demand the elimination of Nietzsche, or Marx's "Capital," or Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil"? This leads straight to the sort of censorship, and assumption of the right to tell others what they should and should not read, that I have fought against for years.

5. By publishing the poems indicated by Mr. Aiken, but adding a blasting footnote about the man who wrote them, we would have avoided a great deal of publicity for Ezra Pound (which we regret from the bottom of our hearts), and steered clear of a position which we find simply untenable.



Before turning to the letters, I must beg the people who defended me in this matter to believe that in no sense have I failed to "stick to my guns." I still maintain that the war of ideas is not over; indeed, it seems scarcely to have begun. I still think that Ezra Pound and men like him are the scum of the earth, and must be fought without quarter and without cease. In this particular issue, however, I went charging off on the wrong course, and if they will think it through as painfully and coldly as I did, I am convinced that they will reach the same conclusion.

The following letters are typical. They are purposely printed in haphazard order to highlight the differences of opinion; personal comments, both flattering and otherwise, have been eliminated as far as possible, because of limitation of space.

From Norman Rosten:

You're wrong about banning Ezra Pound from the anthology. Mr. Pound is a traitor and he should be shot and I would be the first to join the firing squad for that purpose, but we do not shoot poems. We cannot kill poems, not great ones, and Mr. P. was a man who wrote some great ones.

Let us not confuse the issue. We are dealing here exclusively with poems. A poem may not always be the man. A poem may be a statement, a fragment, related to extra-political factors. I wouldn't expect you to publish, say, an anti-Semitic poem or a dangerous political poem by Pound for obvious reasons, but to banish Mr. Pound completely is to my mind an exaggerated kind of political and editorial license. Some years ago I remember mutterings that T. S. Eliot ought to be "barred" because he joined the "reactionary" church, etc.

We've got to remember that poems have a life of their own, and must stand or fall by their own poetic values. In this judgment, much of Pound the poet will remain, just as all of Pound the man will forever receive the contempt of posterity.

From Anna Jane Harnwell:

The letter you wrote to reiterate your position in regard to Ezra Pound has added greatly to my admiration for the *SRL*. I have been reading it for many years, and this is the first time that I have found anyone on the staff who does not live in an ivory tower and regard himself and his opinion as equal to that of the Deity himself—if any of them believe in a God. A man's work and especially the work of a poet reflects himself. The people —the rank and file—believe that the names of people included in our anthologies are those whom the publisher and compiler delight to honor. Ezra Pound was a traitor to his country. To compare your act to that of Hitler in his burning of

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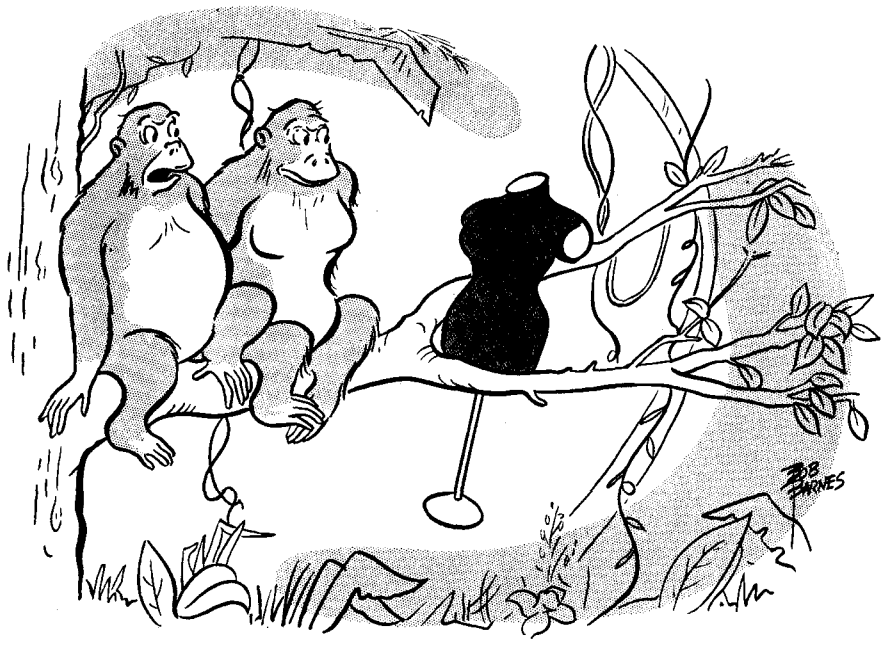

"I don't know . . . Lend-Lease, I guess."

the books shows a wrong sense of values. He feared the works of those people, and he knew no better than to show his fear in such a holocaust. A man who would include the works in an American anthology of such a man as Ezra Pound evidently does not believe in Christian ethics.

Followed to its ultimate conclusion, such men would say that if they thought a man wrote great poetry, he might assassinate our President, or blow up all of Washington, both symbols of our country, and still be worthy of having his works brought to the public in an honored way. He did all he could to bring this about, and yet they would have people forget all that and read his writings. A tree is known by its fruit and a man is known by his works, and an evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit.

I am a catholic reader. I have read everything in French and English on which I could lay my hands for many years. Americans have become so afraid of the Puritan influence and principles, that they are now swinging to the other extreme and are trying to throw out the baby with the bath water. Publishers and authors should have some morals, some sense of right and wrong, and many of them have, but it rejoices my soul to find that at least one of them is a good enough man to refuse to publish any works of a man who is a traitor to his—the publisher's—principles. Unfortunately, most people who agree with you are, like myself, readers, not writers, but I could bring you a thousand witnesses—people whom *The Saturday Review* looks down upon (but by whom they and the writers win their bread and butter)—who would applaud your stand. Thank you very much.

From Clyde Brion Davis:

I personally wouldn't give the poetry of Ezra Pound hell-room. Years before he officially turned Fascist the work of this articulate lunatic impressed me as valuable chiefly as part of a clinical case record.

But I still think you were wrong.

When a man of Conrad Aiken's standing judges Pound's verse as significant or something and worthy of being included in an anthology published under his name, the publisher, I believe, is going beyond the publisher's province in eliminating Pound. . . .

In 1946 I do not believe we need tremble at any alien ideology, no matter how subtly expressed. And I'm sure you're opposed to censorship—even if you were to be the censor.

If, however, by any chance you have decided to eliminate the work of all bastards from the Modern Library, you'd better sharpen up your meat axe. You've got a long, tough job ahead of you.

From Jack Kapp:

As a reader of *The Saturday Review*, and as one who enjoys not only your humor but fighting spirit, I want to say I am completely on your side in the matter of Ezra Pound. I, for one, cannot believe there is a line of demarcation between political ideas and culture—the one inevitably leads to the other. The composer Moussorgsky said that "art is not an end in itself, but a means of addressing humanity." It is significant that the "artists" whom Pound admires and whose ideology he preached were the dictators who, within a quarter of a century, brought about two wars which came close to destroying not only culture but all civilization.

I think it is worth remembering that while Hitler exalted himself as a reincarnation of the Wagnerian gods, the music favored by Roosevelt and Churchill was the songs of the common people, the simple humanity of "Home on the Range," and the hill billy homeliness of "You Are My Sunshine." Much though I admire Wagner's "Ring," if the philosophy behind it is an ideology which rouses the aggressive militant spirit and pro-

"From where I sit"

LAST week this column ended in the middle of a discussion about digests, with specific emphasis on books of which **Masterworks of Economics*** is the first point.

We are living, or more accurately, we are trying to live in an age where technological means have become so complicated as to obscure technological ends. Unfortunately the research laboratories of the *Amalgamated Quick-Sleep Corporation* have been slowed by Washington priorities on that item made necessary by the filibuster. Therefore, and I say this with great ponderation, until we have quick-sleep, we will continue to find ourselves short on time.

What with income tax forms, sales records, oil-burner instructions, fiscal files, insurance claims, and all the other things we have to attend to, modern man has little time for keeping up with the world. Think of the time it must have consumed to compile a book I once found in a deserted railroad station. It was called *Consolidated Freight Classification* and it was 3658 pages long. Every type of box for packing figs was prescribed, hose nozzles had to be packed in boxes bound by not more than three and not less than two ¾-inch metal bands, and so on.

Leaving the railroad station and coming back to the **Masterworks of Economics,*** in times like these, of course we have to have digests. But it all depends on who's doing the digesting. In this case the editors of these famous works digested are ALVIN JOHNSON, the learned pioneer director of The New School for Social Research; ROBERT ANDREWS MILLIKAN, Nobel Prize winner in physics; and ALEXANDER M. WITHERSPOON, Associate Professor of English at Yale. They worked like fury choosing the selections. Then LEONARD DALTON ABBOT took up the terrific task of condensing them to fit in one volume. ALVIN JOHNSON has put the case clearly. "Here in **The Masterworks,** epoch-making ideas of past and present stand forth freshly and vividly. To know them is to partake of the world's great heritage of wisdom and achievement."

*Publication Date, April 18

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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vokes fresh wars, I want none of it.

Poetry is not my field, but I applaud you when you take the stand that a poet is not less but *more* responsible than his fellow citizens, that his voice must carry truth, rather than spread lies (paid lies!) which advocate death to democratic principles. Like you I cannot help being emotional about the struggle which concerns the survival of all for which we fought and by which we hope to live.

From Seymour V. Reit:

You were generous in inviting the opinions of your readers concerning that decision to omit Ezra Pound's work from your recent anthology. Please accept one carefully considered and vehement vote of disapproval.

I was one of the guys who fought totalitarianism overseas, and the thought of coming back to totalitarianism here—whether literary or otherwise—is both frightening and disheartening. Nobody is arguing with you as to the scurrilousness of Pound's political actions and affiliations. Nor is anyone debating the fact that the viewpoint he represents must be ferreted out and destroyed. In fact, that is precisely—in Pound's case—why he is in the custody of the U. S. Court. But that has no bearing whatsoever on the validity of his work—unless you really maintain that the *truth* and *beauty* inherent in good poetry *varies* in some direct barometric relationship to the expressed political views of its creator. That's a point of view, I'm sure, which you couldn't possibly want to maintain.

I hope you will keep up your good fight against Fascism, and turning the enemy's own weapons against himself is a damn good idea—but why not choose those of his weapons which you know are valid, and which really will do some harm? The only damage you are doing in the present case, in my opinion, is to the cause of good poetry.

From Harry L. Hopkins (received the day after Lewis Gannett printed my side of the case in the *New York Herald Tribune*. It was one of the last letters he ever wrote; he died less than a week later. In my opinion, he was a great man and a great American):

I enjoyed thoroughly what you had to say about Gannett this morning. His rejoinder was very feeble.

Your letter to Lewis persuades me to buy a copy of your new Modern Library "Anthology of English and American Poetry." Will you send it to me here at the hospital along with the bill?"

From Robert Hillyer:

I applaud your answer to Lewis Gannett on the subject of Ezra Pound. Last spring when I saw Saxe Commins he asked me my opinion, and I said that there was no question that Pound should be omitted from the anthology. Of course, I never considered Pound a poet of any consequence. The test of any artist is whether or not he will submit his ego to his art. In any such contest, as far as Pound was concerned, art came out a very poor second. For years he had been a foolish mountebank from whom the last vestiges of a certain crepuscular lyric strain had long since faded away amid a tempest of self-advertisement.

In Mr. Gannett's reply to your reply the main tenet is insulting to poets and poetry. Analyzed, it is simply a re-hash of the old art for art's sake doctrine. The implication is that poets, being irresponsible, are immune from ordinary human standards. This sets them in a sort of spiritual sanitarium, and reduces them to objects of pity apart from human society. Of course Pound was as sane and as traitorous as Haw-Haw or Amery; he was dealt with as an abnormal person merely because he was classed as a poet. The reflection on poetry is obvious and not very happy.

From Alfred C. Ames:

I have just read your column in today's *Saturday Review*, and hasten to inform you that in my considered judgment you and your partners are wrong and Aiken, Gannett, Lerner, *et al.* are right. I shall implement my disagreement with you by not buying the book. If I was as fanatical as you, I would boycott the whole Modern Library and Random House list, to my sorrow and loss.

Furthermore, I almost weekly deplore the intemperate, intolerant political partisanship that disfigures the columns of *The Saturday Review*.

From Nolan Miller:

A couple of things bother me in your desire for your pound of flesh (I understand you don't mind puns).

The title of your book is "An Anothology of Famous English and American Poetry." Now, God knows, fame and notoriety are not difficult to distinguish in the daily newspaper. But what about history? Literature is a discriminating kind of history, and if history permits its pages to Caligula and Benedict Arnold, literature, selective as it may be, embraces them all, from that old Tory Dr. Johnson to that wild man Shelley.

If you want the virtue of accuracy, though I haven't seen the table of contents, I should think the book would have to be called "An Anthology of Famous and Infamous English and American Poets and Their Poetry."

But this a serious matter; you want a serious answer. Do you believe in censorship, Mr. Cerf? From other columns of Trade Winds it is clear that you do not. Your anthologist, Mr. Aiken, by his own standards, had already exerted a kind of censorship, that which I as an admirer of Aiken must approve, as I approve his taste, ranking it higher than my own. Now you turn on him—you censor Mr. Aiken. You are very wrong, Mr. Cerf. You do not burn your books, but you prune them.

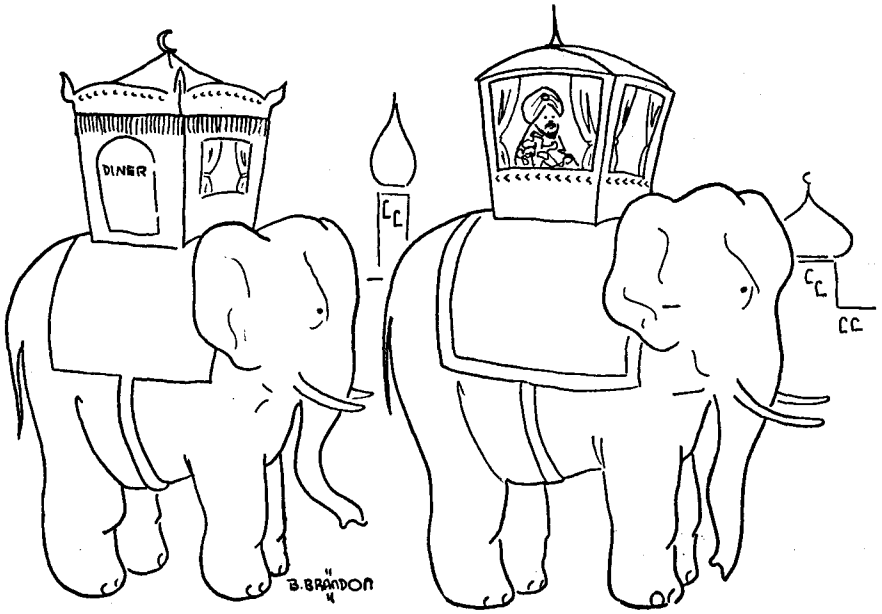
There cannot be censorship in a free world. Good or bad, harmless or harmful, each mind must be allowed to exercise, weigh and consider, pick and choose. We cannot allow a Hitler to do our picking and choosing—and we cannot allow our publishers to do it.

As to Pound, as a case in point, the man has already published; time has already eliminated most of the guff that he has written. Time will eliminate more. I, as a teacher, and a teacher, by the way, in one of the most liberal colleges in the world, must help do the job. But you get in the way, Mr. Cerf; you get in Mr. Aiken's way and you get in mine. You make the job more difficult for me and for my students—and I think it will be the next generation that will have to pass final judgment, as it was the G.I.'s I have in my classes who have already allowed us the privilege of passing judgment on Pound as a man, criminal, and lunatic.

I intend no defense of Pound; he's a nasty subject and undeserving of all this controversy. But there you are—by making him an issue, you have given him undeserved attention. The publisher of his books must be grateful to you.

From Annette Cummings:

In connection with your exclusion of the poetry of Ezra Pound, I should like to recall your attention to Mark Twain's story "The



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Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg." In adopting a lead-us-not-into-temptation attitude, aren't you stripping readers of the moral stamina to withstand pernicious philosophy? Wherever democracy and the rights of man are concerned there will ever be enemies of great strength. As life is a continuous battle against such forces of evil, isn't it just as well to expose these enemies to the light of reason?

The problem would resolve itself not around the insidious appeal of Fascist thought, but around the problem of weighing that thought. The danger in "Mein Kampf" lay not in being read by Fascist-minded people but in the fact that it was not properly read by democratic people with an awareness of the book's destructive quality.

The great elements of nature, which in the past destroyed men, were not controlled without an understanding of those elements. So it is with ideas. Destructive thought should be aired whenever and wherever it exists in order to expose it to criticism.

If the works of Tom Paine, Jefferson, Madison, Lincoln, and Wilson can not hold their own against Ezra Pound, then the weight of freedom and morality can never tip the scales.

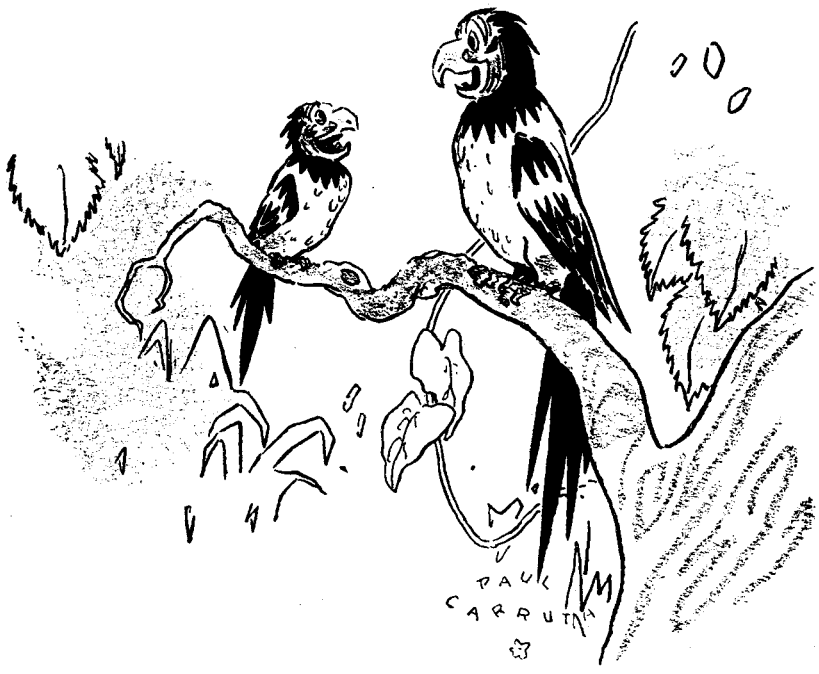
From Gordon Young:

Regarding Ezra Pound: You are going to lose in your dispute with the Keepers of the Sacred Cow; they will tell you that Poetry is such a pure and ennobling thing that a man may be a traitor, a faker, a dastard, yet his utterances may have value that transcends all contemptible personal attributes; and the definition of Poetry is their own—though Emily Dickinson's is the surest recognition for it that I know of, and all I ever got out of Pound was shudders, not shivers.

I regret that you made a point of keeping him out of the anthology; the controversy will add greatly and favorably to his reputation; if his poems had appeared without your comment, the only protests would have been from those who feel as you do, and he would soon have been forgotten by those now inspired to defend his inferiority because he too is a "poet." Anybody who has had a squib in any "little" magazine resents the opinion of those of us who are not poets, but merely purchasers and readers of poetry, if our opinion is derogatory.

Ezra Pound is not only a traitor but—like all who are stuffed with megalomania—a thorough faker; his place in any anthology is as an eccentric. Some thirty years ago Pound first spread his unfledged wings of scholarship by what purported to be a translation of Propertius in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*. This came to the attention of a professor of Latin (William Gardner Hale, I think) who demonstrated that Pound was completely ignorant of Latin and had made inadequate use of a certain "pony" —and Harriet Monroe, editor of *Poetry*, was big enough to publish the professor's critique.

Don't make any use of my letter if you wish its effect to be favorable to your viewpoint; I am merely a writer of pulp stories, and what can a pulper know of poetry?



"Ha, ha, Daddy, you're funny—make a noise like a man again."

From John C. Evans:

Although an enthusiastic follower of all things Cerf, I fear that my present vote is with the opposition. If he be permitted to censor, why not Hannegan and Boston's Watch & Ward?

I fully agree with your opinion of Pound as less than a man. Why not give him an unvarnished biography in the anthology? To me all anthologies would gain if they contained brief sketches of their contributors. In fact, I should welcome biographical notes in all books; factual material with some human interest, but not Hollywood jacket blurbs. Would this not add dignity and interest?

The public likes facts about its merchandise. I wonder at times if some book advertising is not too chary of these. The genre, period, scope, etc. are questions I like answered before starting a book, not general adjectives.

From Roberta James:

I have just read with the keenest interest your "The Case of Ezra Pound" in the current issue of *The Saturday Review*. I wish to tell you that I am heartily in accord with you and I regret only that I can say nothing for our side more forceful than your line: "Every time you parade the work of a man who represents such ideas, especially while he still lives, you are in a sense glorifying him and giving tacit approval to his point of view."

I, too, have listened to the clamorous voices of those who took issue with you on this subject. Especially do I remember Max Lerner in *PM*. Usually, I read Mr. Lerner not only with interest but with a strong feeling that he is voicing the important things in which I believe. Yet, Mr. Lerner, despite his brilliant mind, emotes along with the rest of us. I daresay there is no individual who is entirely lacking in emotion and made up solely of pure intellect. Indeed, were there such, the creature would be abhorrent because he would lack any and all understanding of his fellow human beings.

I agree with you entirely that there can be no complete divorce of politics and literature. And a traitor such as Pound, far from having his name perpetuated, should be shot, buried, and forgotten as quickly as possible.

It seems to me there is still another point and this a literary one. I have both perused and sold many anthologies and I am well aware that none of them pleases everybody. I have been disappointed, myself, when I have failed to find in certain ones of them both poets and poems that I felt deserved place and mention. I hope very much that you will *not* include the Pound poems in future editions of the anthology.

From M. M. Musselman:

I think you have a great idea. Now let's not publish any writer who owns stock in U. S. Steel or General Motors.

From Captain Paul H. Elmen:

This, as the Edinburgh reviewer said, will never do.

I lost my leg outside the town of Gleiderkirch because I feel the same way as you do about the Nazis. But isn't it obvious that the fellow who put that Schuh mine out in the field might be able to write a better poem than I who stepped on it? I shall not buy your anthology if you leave out Pound. I might borrow it from a friend or read it in a bookstore; but buy it——*nix*. Not me.

On two points there should be no dispute. First, that you have a right to publish anything you like. Secondly, that Lewis Gannett and I and Mrs. Murphy on the corner have a right to criticize what you publish, to persuade you not to publish this, or to publish this.

Now then, to get back to the point: Are these poems by Pound

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worthy of publishing? You say (1) that he is crazy. But you cannot seriously propose this as a criterion, for how could anyone edit an anthology of modern poetry with such a standard? (Ouch, what a nasty crack!)

You say (2) that he was a Nazi. Obviously he was; but it is not so obvious that he was a Nazi when he wrote these poems, or, if he was, that these poems are Nazi poems. Can't a Nazi do *anything* well—build a house, say, or plant a tree? My crutches are German, by the way, and better than anything we've ever made. Couldn't a Nazi describe a sunset and make your hair stand on end?

Do you insist on agreeing with every conceivable idea—political, economic, religious—held now or at any other time by your poets before they can make your anthology? Certainly you mean only certain ideas at certain times. But even this is offensive to those of us who believe that a work of art should be judged as a discrete entity, and that this judgment has nothing whatever to do with an artist's personal life, or with any convictions he might hold which are not expressed in his work of art.

Giordano Bruno was no democrat, but he had something to say which was worth reading on a rainy afternoon. "Poetry is not born in rules; rules are derived from poetry. But how are true poets to be recognized? By their song."

From Rev. Niels Nielsen:

About the Pound issue I do NOT agree with you (still I'll keep reading you come hell or high water). Your attitude is too moralistic no matter how you trim it up.

Who was it said he did not agree with so and so but would defend to the death his right to say it?

I've had many people leave my church because they did not agree with my ideas or way of preaching, others because they did not like the treasurer, others because a woman in the choir, etc., etc., ad nauseam . . . but the church stands, the church is even as poetry always has been and will be. But those people, the leavers, become the bane of any minister's "work." They float and float and get madder and madder. They think that by changing churches . . . but there's ALWAYS a minister that says the wrong thing and a treasurer they don't like . . .

I know all this is not exactly parallel to the issue at hand but it smells rather the same!

"How often can we afford to turn the other cheek?" you ask. Well, in the Bible it says seventy times seven. And I think it is worth striving for, to *endure*, grimly, humbly endure all. I think the word "afford" is terribly un-Christian, really. Oh thou of little faith!

From Jay Lewis:

You are right—stick to it, no matter what others say.

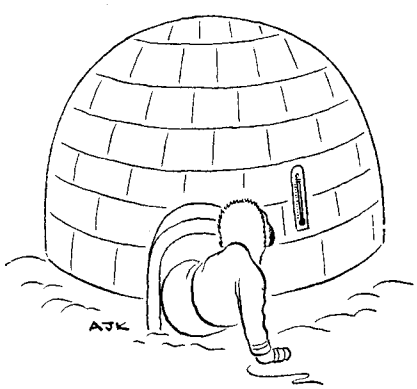
Ezra Pound is not important as a poet and as a traitor he is insufferable.

It is far better to be an honest patriot than a philosophic idealist who starts from false premises."

From Francis Hackett:

I am very glad you brought this issue to the fore. You were wrong, I think, to take Ezra Pound's poetry out of Conrad Aiken's anthology of famous poetry on the ground that Ezra Pound was a Fascist. The little I've read of Pound was bookworn poetry and I didn't like it, but the mere fact that Conrad Aiken says, "This is famous poetry, as I judge it," would lead me to read Ezra Pound again. Aiken has earned the right to judge. He should be left absolutely free to judge, in my opinion. What a bookbuyer is buying is not a concensus of opinion, but Aiken's untrammeled judgment. I agree with Somerset Maugham, "the anthologist's taste is the only standard."

What we call taste is of course a blend of considerations—personal, political, and moral as well as esthetic. But "taste" is a sincerity for which the wide public has an uncertain instinct, and those who have made a huge sacrifice for it —the republic of letters—must not be shoved around, especially not by those who have an ulterior motive and economic power. I don't mean you but I mean many among play producers, Hollywood producers,



radio directors, advertising men, foreign offices, State departments, churches, editors, policemen, and publishers. Servile authors go blithely to town in violation of taste, but those who live by and for letters have the same right as a supreme court justice to speak for themselves.

There is a corresponding responsibility. Let me give an instance from Somerset Maugham where I feel he was at fault. In 1939 he got out a big "definitive anthology of the short story," whatever the devil that means. And in 1943 an anthology of "Modern English and American Literature." I looked into these anthologies for Irish writers. Mr. Maugham gave them eleven pages out of 2144—two pages to Yeats, nine to Joyce. Was this literary discrimination or race discrimination? I feel it was the latter.

Should I, then, take Maugham out of an anthology because I think so? If Maugham is not, in my judgment, above the spirit of reprisal, that is no reason why I should respond in kind. Judgment in literature should be on a level higher than the political in my case and in his. A good writer may have bad politics, but he should have immunity unless his politics eat him up. The worst thing for literature, after economic servility, is its secret division into political camps. Should I, because Yeats praised Mussolini, abhor Yeats as a Fascist?

The final goal is not the supervision of anthologists by politics but the education of taste, even Mr. Aiken's. Even Mr. Maugham's.

From Jackson B. Cox:

Reluctantly, I must agree with Conrad Aiken, Lewis Gannett, et al. If it is your intent to publish something under an all-inclusive title such as "An Anthology of Famous English and American Poetry," you are being dishonest with yourself as well as your patrons if you base your selections on *anything* more than your self-selected "Famous." Ezra Pound's poems did not become famous through his infamy, but because of their literary merit.

When you reviewed the *other* poets whose works were selected by Mr. Aiken, did you inquire into their political leanings, whether they were kind to their mothers, whether they defecated too close to the house?

No self-respecting citizen of this or any other country, including Italy, could feel anything but contempt for a turncoat; but being a traitor does not necessarily influence the quality of a man's creative ability. I am not prepared to cite examples, but I am sure that, among the famous and often reprinted authors of English and American literature, there can be found thieves, lechers, perverts, even quislings.

Your problem, it seems to me, is quite simple. Either include the louse's poetry or else qualify your title by adding "(Patriotic Poets Only)," or something similar.

From Joseph Gaer (I got a kick out of the P.S.):

I have read several of the outbursts against you in your position of excluding Ezra Pound from your forthcoming anthology. You are completely right and they are completely wrong and all wet. It is utter nonsense to attempt to separate a creative individual from his work. They are inseparable. Ezra Pound was an escapist from the start and his anti-social tendencies in times of stress almost inevitably curdled. No self-respecting publisher should count him in.

P.S. My partner, Charles Boni, doesn't agree with me.

From Joseph T. Stearns:

Pursuing Mr. Gannett's thesis to its logical conclusion, if Judas Iscariot in his day had written a series of epistles possessing literary merit, they should have been included in the Bible. I don't agree.

From H. Warren Felkel:

I think that more harm has been done by your stand, and the resultant press notices, than would have been done if Pound had just been passed over and ignored.

Of course, you had no idea that there would be any stink raised over the matter. My own viewpoint is that you should have accepted the entire listing of the editor or you should have rejected the lot and told the editor to pick up his check, but no go. To wind up with such a silly position as you are in is worse, by far, than leaving them in.

(*Continued on page 49*)

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An intimate, penetrating and believable story of an international marriage

Her Husband's House

by **CATHERINE POMEROY STEWART**
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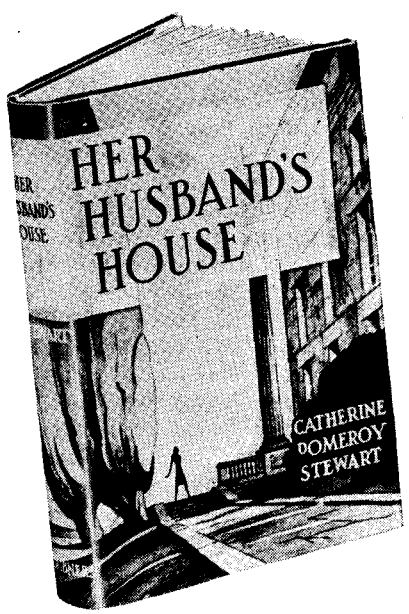

It is the story, too, of beautiful blonde Pia, the nameless love-child who became part of the Cavalierre household and was instrumental, later, both in causing the discord that threatened to break up the family and in healing it.

The story begins in the early days of Mussolini's rule over Italy . . a regime that barely touched the life of the Calabresi. It ends during the closing days, so far as Italy was concerned, of the Second World War.

"Her Husband's House" is an entirely fascinating story of Italian life, both in the homes of the peasants and the mansions of the nobility. It is eventful, warm-hearted, perceptive, filled with high-spirited humor and deep emotion—a convincing and wholly absorbing picture of a country and its people as seen through the lives of a delightful company of fully-realized characters.

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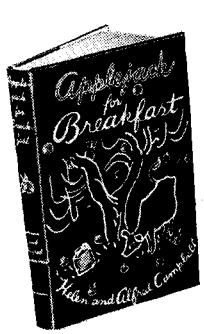

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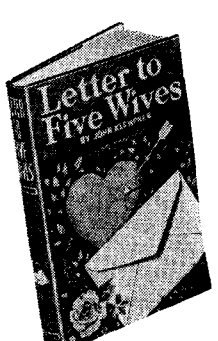

AT ALL BOOKSTORES CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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Seeing Things

WOOLLCOTT IN THE FLESH——PART I

AT CBS in New York they still show you with proper pride the sizable hand-bell which announced the Town Crier on the air. This bell is all the introduction Alexander Woollcott needed or now needs. It remains the happiest symbol of the man. Not merely because it summoned millions to their radios to hear him. Or because he was human enough to like an audience. Or because this bell was a throwback to the past into which he was always fond of wandering. Or because its outlines could claim something of his own Pickwickian plumpness. But mainly because Woollcott was a story-teller who could himself ring the bell again and again.

There was nothing negative about him. He was one of the most jubilant and flaming positives of his time—never as an intellectual but always as a personality. Although he may have resembled an owl, he stood out like a flamingo in a flock of sparrows. He had the courage of his eccentricities. More than having the will to be different, however, he possessed the endowments to be unmistakable, both in and out of print.

In a graying age, when the emphasis has been placed, perhaps inevitably, on what a now liquidated Soviet theatrical director once described as the *unindividual*, Woollcott remained an incurable individualist. He sported the Joseph coat of personality. On him it became a blazer. Unlike Alfred Hitchcock, who makes a practice of appearing in at least one shot in every film he directs, Woollcott was present in every line he ever put to paper. One of the measures of his skill is how completely he was able to remain himself on the printed page. He employed words available to everyone so that they served him as his signature.

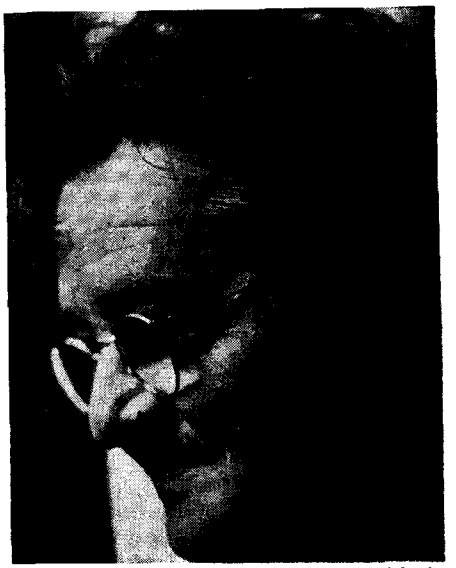
Being Woollcott meant most aggressively being someone. It meant among other things being a "perhapsless" man. Woollcott always knew what he felt. What he felt was what he thought. His reactions were warm, contagiously warm. Among the virtues his prose can claim is the uncommon one that it functioned as the perfect thermos bottle for his likes and dislikes.

Woollcott was never one to hide his delights under a bushel basket. His hates were no less open covenants, openly arrived at. Being one of the least reticent of men, it was not unnatural that he had no reticence in stating his opinions. They were always on tap; kept in a state of constant cross-ventilation.

When Katharine Cornell first appeared in "Candida," Woollcott of course attended the opening. He once admitted to me that to his sorrow he discovered a formidable New York dowager sitting near him; a woman who resembled an anthology of the Three Witches in "Macbeth" and whose voice was a choir of kettle-drums. Because he knew her too well, Woollcott had tried to avoid her, but she swooped down on him at the conclusion of the second act. "What do you think of Kit's Candida?" demanded this fashionable harridan. "I think she's excellent," Woollcott replied. Then he added, "But I think Dickie Bird's Marchbanks is every bit as good." "That's only your opinion!" thundered the dowager, mobilizing her physique. Whereupon Woollcott surveyed her darkly, through his glasses which could be anything except rose-colored. "What did you expect, Madam, my hair-combings?"

However unfaithful he may have been to esthetics, Woollcott's dedication to frankness was unswerving. The small talk of the drawing room could become the big talk of insult on his pointed tongue. If he could write like an untheatrical angel, he could also write and talk like an adder.

A gift for the unfrocking phrase is a dangerous talent. Its victims find it unforgivable. So do their real friends. Sentimentality can likewise be intolerable to those who are allergic to it. Since Woollcott could be both sentimental and wittily sarcastic, he did not live his life either unfeared or unliked. His spleen could be merciless; his sweetness diabetic; his behavior unhousebroken. His excesses were the more resented because so few could hope to equal, much less top them. He was the kind of person who, regardless of what he did, was doomed to ignite envy even as he won admiration. This is why, though he had friends beyond counting, his enemies were as numberless. Woollcott, however, was man enough to rejoice in both.



—*Richard Carver Wood.*

Alexander Woollcott "was, of course, a mountain of contradictions; a congress of opposing parties. . . . He could be as kind as he was cruel; as wistful as he was waspish; as shrewish as he was saccharine."

I knew him merely as an acquaintance. I knew him best in print, as an actor, on the radio, as a lecturer. I knew him from the sidelines. I knew him from that distance rightly described as respectful. I felt about him as younger men are apt to feel about someone flagpole-sitting on top of the profession of their choice. His public self I had almost by heart. Of his private self I had only infrequent glimpses. These were enough to persuade me the two were practically one. His life was what the marquees describe as a "continuous performance."

When first I came to New York from college, Woollcott was in the flood tide of his career as a dramatic critic on the daily newspapers. He went from one to another of these as a traveling company goes from town to town. He was also dean of the Algonquin. To the stagestruck of that day the Algonquin Round Table was practically a new leaf added to King Arthur's board. Certainly it created its own legend. F.P.A., George S. Kaufman, Heywood Broun, Robert Benchley, Marc Connelly, Russel Crouse, Brock Pemberton, and their various unobscure cronies were the town's ruling wits. The main dining room of Mr. Case's hostelry, where celebrities met and the uncelebrated clustered in the corners to kibitz this public assembly of the great, was a straphanger's idea of the Mermaid Tavern, Will's Coffee House, and a Thursday evening at the Lambs' all rolled into one.

I never sat at that Round Table myself. Like many another, I merely gaped at it from time to time, enraptured. I, of course, imagined, as did those outlanders near me, that

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Frank Fay
in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

every laugh to reach my table on the outer fringe must be a dividend declared on a jest which would have made Congreve envious.

Woollcott was even then a prominent feature of the Manhattan skyline, just as later he was to become a flamboyant part of the nation's public domain. His entrances down the aisles of New York theatres were more dramatic than most of the shows he reviewed. He had something of Mayor LaGuardia's talent for hats. He had a fondness for mufflers, too; mufflers which danced around his neck like cobras around the throat of a snakecharmer. He was always seeing someone he recognized and being recognized by all, and waving without embarrassment to friends across the theater. He was the closest thing Broadway knew to Toulouse Lautrec's Aristide Briand. But he was a Lautrec out of Dickens instead of Paris. He was gay, not grave; too rotund to be austere. The pleasures of living did more than percolate his chunky person. They boiled over. He and his unprivate life appeared to be on the best of good terms. He took to notoriety the way a bobby-sock takes to the stage door. Yet he had the qualities which made him noteworthy. Some accused him of being an exhibitionist; none could deny that he was an exhibit. There was already something inescapably centripetal about his gifts, his personality, and his appearance.

Woollcott was, of course, a mountain of contradictions; a congress of opposing parties. He relished playing the part of "an old meanie" as thoroughly as he enjoyed the role of "a much-uplifted onlooker." He could be as kind as he was cruel; as wistful as he was waspish; as shrewish as he was saccharine. His writings did more than demonstrate his exceptional gifts. For me they documented beyond question the antithetical aspects of his nature. Had they not, my few meetings with him would have done so. I mean my meetings with him other than those entr'acte encounters in theatre lobbies or on the sidewalks outside where, though playgoers nightly talk to one another, they never manage to get anything said.

Once, when with the late Montrose Moses I was doing an anthology of American criticism, I dropped by "Wit's End" to see Woollcott. It was in the dark days of the depression when people were putting away their family silver and getting out their tin cups. Woollcott was having breakfast. A simple act, you might say, and fairly common among the fortunate of this earth. Yet, as he indulged in it, it was not simple at all.

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It was the closest I have ever come to a levee at Versailles.

Woollcott was on a sofa; not sitting, nor perched there either. He looked like some animated Buddha poised to quit his shrine and pay a visit to his votaries. His left leg was tucked under him. His right one kept following its example with the aid of his left hand. Woollcott was wearing the kind of dressing gown he must have admired when first he saw it on William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes." It was a noble tent-like spread of brocade. It flapped loose around his throat to disclose florid pajamas. These in turn were stretched in scallops from one pearl button to another, exposing their owner's tufted chest. On a small table before Woollcott was his breakfast tray. On another table, at his lefthand side, was a tower of mail—and a telephone. His body was flanked by books; some spread open at the halfway point, others closed. The morning papers were showered at his feet.

While we talked about which of his pieces to include in the anthology, Woollcott sipped his coffee, brandished a paper cutter to open his letters, and answered the phone, which rang with a buoy's insistency. Meanwhile a secretary kept reappearing. It was the first performance I ever saw of "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Among the many conversations about casting problems, author's worries, personal plans, or past and future parties, which he conducted over the phone, and upon all of which I was bound to eavesdrop, there was one I cannot even now forget.

Woollcott was beaming into the receiver with as much animation as if he were facing a mike. His voice was now pure caramel where on occasion it had been a caramel dipped in vinegar. "Yes, Frightful," he said. "Of course. Of course, I understand. Your pearl necklace? Un-huh, un-huh. You have to sell it? Too bad. Too bad. Certainly, I'll send my man around this afternoon. I'll get him to take it down to the jeweler's and have it appraised for you. So sorry. See you soon. I'll let you know tomorrow."

Some years later I ran into Woollcott at a performance of the D'Oyly Carte Company in Chicago. "Can't you have supper with me afterward?" he asked, across the three people sitting next to me, when he was in full flight down the aisle. He named a near-by restaurant. Woollcott told me later he had invited, not sight unseen but man unmet, one of the company's male stars to join him.

On stage this Englishman was a very droll fellow. When he capered or sang behind the footlights, he appeared to be the reincarnation of Gilbert's spirit; of Sullivan's, too. Unfortunately, when met later at supper, he turned out to be a nobody. As not infrequently happens with actors when once they have their make-up off and are separated from their dramatists, this Britisher proved no more than a ventriloquist's doll parted from its owner. Although Woollcott's dislike for him was not slow in coming to a boil, the actor's sensibilities were insulated with asbestos. He was utterly unaware of the growing heat wave.

Nazimova was mentioned. "Nazimova?" said the actor brightly. "I'll wager yuh don't know what we call 'er in England." Undeterred by the fact that no one took his wager, he continued, "Nazi-move-ovah." The actor was the only person able to squeeze a laugh. He roared at himself as heartily as, an hour ago, we had all been roaring at W. S. Gilbert.

Woollcott was unmuffled by the restraints to which most hosts submit. He was troubled only by the relentless demands of truth. He spun on the Englishman. "If I were you," said he so that each word sizzled with contempt, "I would never bother to repeat that particular little joke again. It seems to me one of the most unfortunate examples of poor humor to which I have been exposed in my lengthening years." From here on, things went from worse to awful, until I was overjoyed when my early morning train left for the West.

The tender and the mellow side of Woollcott I saw also. I am thinking of a summer evening spent at the home of the Otis Skinners at Wood-

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Atlantic Monthly

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Is the ENGINEER the HOPE of our CIVILIZATION?

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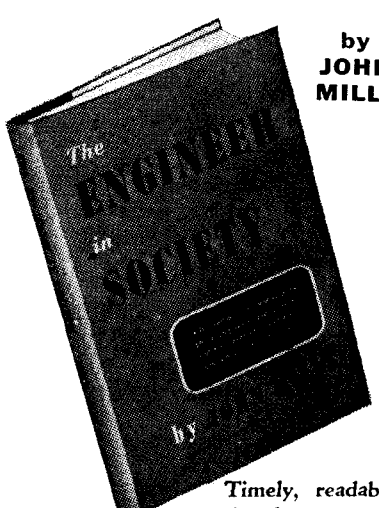

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stock in Vermont not too far from Woollcott's island on Lake Bomoseen. Woollcott liked both Maud and Otis Skinner, as who did not? When Mrs. Skinner died a few years later, he sent Otis Skinner what I still believe is the model note of condolence. It was dashed off in Woollcott's fine, clear, unblotting hand, and shone with more than the radiant virtue of brevity. Of the hundreds of letters and telegrams received that impoverishing day, it was quite naturally this note which Mr. Skinner prized above all the others. As I recall it, it ran: "Dear Otis, You lucky bum! You had forty blissful years together, you and that enchanting woman. How I envy you. A. Woollcott."

On the night at the Skinners' of which I am thinking Woollcott was at his charming best. He was then in his late forties; Otis Skinner in his late seventies. The life of the one seemed only half over; the other man had come gaily to his winter years. Their memories overlapped at the halfway point. They gleefully evoked the days they had both known; the people, plays, and places they both cared for. They were full of that laughter which replaces the pains of the passing moment when the moment is past. Each of them had fine stories to tell; each told them superlatively. They did more than explore the segment of the past they shared. They illuminated it, as searchlights meeting in the sky can cut the night.

They sat there, Woollcott straddling a straight chair he had swung around, his arms folded on its back; Mr. Skinner getting up occasionally to act out a point, while Mrs. Skinner, my wife, and I listened, unaware of time. They sat there long after dinner, not talking about cabbages and kings but about Booth Tarkington, Harry Leon Wilson, Paris, "Mister Antonio," James Whitcomb Riley, Indianapolis, Clyde Fitch, Richard Harding Davis, the Coolidges, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Meanwhile the darkness gathered on the facing hills, the stand lamps were lit one by one in the enclosed porch, and the Ottauquechee murmured beneath us. "He talks brilliantly, doesn't he?" said Mrs. Skinner when he had left. "No wonder he writes so well; he's such a good listener."

JOHN MASON BROWN.

This is the first of two articles on Alexander Woollcott. In expanded form these articles will serve as the introduction to "The Viking Portable Library Woollcott." The book will be published early in April. These sections are reprinted by arrangement with the Viking Press.

THE FARMER, EMPLOYMENT, AND DEFLATION

(*Continued from page 23*)

Too bad! But such shocking waste, such ruinous farming; no wonder! Having himself been poor, he is philosophical about it. We Americans are really all poor now, he holds, and it may not hurt us. But poor soil; that is shameful! At this point we perceive that all the rather fuzzy talk about economics up front was really just the author's way of getting us to listen to him talk farming. His book comes to life now; his farming is much sounder than his economics; and he puts his whole heart into it.

But even here I find the old fire lacking. Faulkner has converted so many once-adamant agriculturists to most or all of his ideas about discing, trash-tillage, and the beneficence of green-manuring that most of the old windmills oppose no formidable opposition. He has to set up straw men and knock them over. He is, to be sure, startling in his assertion that commercial fertilizers are a useless expense; but the bio-dynamic enthusiasts are out in front ahead of him on that, at one extreme; and, at the other, many a shiftless farmer in the less worn parts of the Corn Belt has yet to buy commercial fertilizer.

And there is nothing really startling, at base, in Faulkner's plea for individual changes in farming methods to raise yields and lower costs and prices. That comes close, in fact, to callously orthodox laissez-faire. I ask him to recall those years of the 1920's when farmers would ask us agricultural college "experts" how to pay wartime debts with fifty-cent wheat. "Grow more to the acre; cut your unit costs," we'd say. "But suppose all of us grew twice as much to the acre, wouldn't wheat bring only half as much a bushel?" they would ask. "Never mind the others; *you* grow more." That was all we could tell them then, and it wasn't enough.

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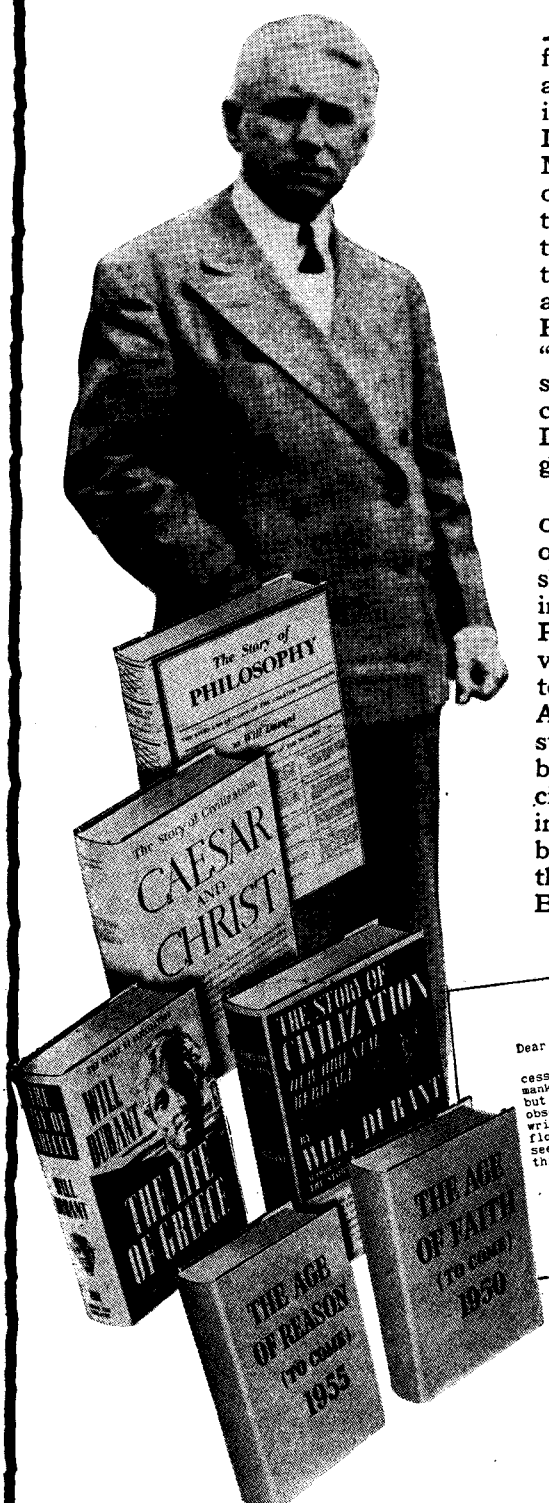
Will Durant

"...HIS PEN SEEMS TO CLARIFY, TO LIGHT UP, TO SIMPLIFY EVERYTHING"—*Maurice Maeterlinck*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CAESAR AND CHRIST
THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION
WILL DURANT
THE LIFE OF GREECE
THE AGE OF REASON (TO COME) 1955
THE AGE OF FAITH (TO COME) 1950

A GENERATION ago the average book of history was formidable and ponderous, and had a difficult time finding a wide audience. "Will Durant," says the Book-of-the-Month Club News, "was one of the first to break this pattern, to write of the past so that other people would want to read about it for pleasure as well as education." John Haynes Holmes explains: "The dry-as-dust deadwood of scholasticism has been changed by the magic of Dr. Durant's pen into the pure gold of human interest."

Will Durant's THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY was the first of his books to take scholarship into the average home—into at least 2,000,000 homes. Published in 1926, it is still very much alive, and promises to hold a lasting place in American literature. But, strange to say, this famous book was a by-product and incident of Will Durant's major interest and life plan. As far back as 1915 he had conceived the hope of completing what Buckle had only begun — to write a STORY OF CIVILIZATION; and from that time he began to gather and organize his material. The success of THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY enabled him to devote himself almost completely to this purpose. As Professor Clough of Brown University says, "It is surprising that any man in our time should have laid out so comprehensive a scheme, and it is gratifying that he should not be found wanting."

So far, three books have appeared in this series: OUR ORIENTAL HERITAGE (a history of Asiatic civilization from the beginnings to 1935), THE LIFE OF GREECE, and CAESAR AND CHRIST. Two more are scheduled: THE AGE OF FAITH for 1950, and THE AGE OF REASON for 1955. Each is an independent work, able to stand alone as a full and rounded narrative-picture of every phase in a vital historic civilization. Each is a monument of patient scholarship transformed by a lucid style, a Gallic wit, and a philosophic breadth of perspective and understanding.

Perhaps the best way to sum up the importance of Will Durant's work is to print the three letters that follow — each unsolicited, each from a master in his field.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Dear Will Durant:—

"Caesar and Christ" is a magnificent success. It is worthy of the greatest histories of mankind. It is as complete as an encyclopedia: but instead of being the moth-eaten labor of an obscure compiler, it is the product of a great writer and a great artist. It has a continuous flow: it is luminous; without blemish. Your pen seems to clarify, to light up, to simplify everything that it touches."

Sincerely yours,

H. L. MENCKEN

My dear Durant:— May 14, 1945

I have just finished "Caesar and Christ" What a book! It is not only the best thing you have ever done yourself; it is the best piece of historical synthesis ever done by an American. I can imagine no improvement in it. It is perfectly designed, it is clearly and beautifully written, and it shows a hard common sense in every line. I have never read a book which left me better contented. If I were still in active practise as a book reviewer — which God forbid — I'd be howling for it.

My most sincere congratulations.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Dear Will Durant: Nov. 17, 1944

I have this day finished the last word of your new book, "Caesar and Christ." I want to pay tribute to you as the author of a masterpiece. It is incomparably the finest thing you have ever done — great history, and a superb piece of literature. I read it with utter fascination from the first page to the last. I am already impatient for your continuation of the story into the Middle Ages.

This book should have a great sale, for it is not only the tale of Rome but a commentary on these our times.

As always, I am

Very sincerely yours,

Now that paper is again available, CAESAR AND CHRIST, the most recent in the series, is once more in the bookstores (Price $5.00). New printings of the earlier volumes will be ready soon.

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A Human Approach to Wilson

THE STORY OF WOODROW WILSON. By Ruth Cranston. New York: Simon and Schuster, Inc. 1945. 478 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by EDGAR SISSON

YES, Ruth Cranston has given her bright and sympathetic narrative just the right title. She has told the Woodrow Wilson story for the many. There have been full histories of Wilson's public life, scattered pictorial versions of his private life sometimes more imaginative than real, and ample accounts of his victories and defeats, whether at Princeton, Paris, or Washington. But his *story* has had to be arduously sieved from a bulk of volumes.

Now this keen and careful woman wins a place for herself as a historian by putting into a single interesting book a story that is direct, human, and complete. She has given any Wilson collection a book that cannot be spared.

Mrs. Cranston has the advantage of long and frequently close association with the Wilson family. She was a classmate of daughter Jessie at Goucher College for four years. To Goucher came the president of Princeton University to address the graduating class. All the girls approved of him, and the acquaintance of the future authoress with him began then. A few years later she stood before the President of the Unted States in the White House just before the First World War broke upon us, and received his permission to cross the ocean to work in a French canteen. Wilson gave her a personal letter for her protection. She had not started her journey before the President delivered to Congress his address of February 3, 1917, breaking off diplomatic relations with Germany. She heard it and left with it ringing in her ears.

She was still in France when Wilson came to the Peace Conference. She listened to many of his speeches there. Returning to Washington, she was an onlooker of the fight of the Senate irreconcilables against the Peace Treaty. After the Treaty was lost, her hope for the League of Nations, even with the United States absent, was such that she went to Geneva and for nearly ten years worked for the League on various international committees in which the United States did take a share, notably the International Labor Office.

The thought of writing the story of Wilson did not come to her until she again was living in her home land. At first she rejected the troublesome notion, knowing the toil it would demand, but it came pressing back. She saw much of Margaret Wilson before that elder daughter of the family went to India. Margaret urged her to write and talked long and intimately of her father. Then Mrs. Wilson joined in the appeal, and opened to her the "vast collection" of Wilson's private papers and correspondence, his official correspondence, and his pre-Presidential letters and papers. Mrs. Cranston weighed her fear against the deep impulse of desire, and the scale tipped in favor of a decision to tell the story as best she could. "I spent two and a half

—From the painting by Orpen.

Woodrow Wilson: "Nothing . . . will make me argue for a principle I do not believe."

years at this work," she wrote in the book. "They went like a flash."

Her first interest went naturally to the boy Wilson. Woodrow, then known as Tommy, was no youthful prodigy, she found. He did not have formal schooling until he was nine years old, although this accident of the disturbed conditions of the Civil War was balanced by the daily talks of his preacher father, usually at meal times, on the affairs of the day, on nature, and on human society. Because Wilson was born at Staunton, Virginia, he is generally thought of as a Virginian. The family, however, went from Virginia to Augusta, Georgia, in 1857 when the boy was only a year old. He saw no more of Virginia until he came to the University of Virginia to study law after he had graduated from Princeton. The parents themselves were not Southern, but Scotch Irish on both sides, Grandfather Woodrow an emigrant from Scotland in 1843 and Grandfather Wilson, of Scottish origin but earlier family arrival, a Pennsylvania printer and editor. A pulpit call sent the Rev. Joseph Wilson, Woodrow's father, into the South. The minister accepted the "principle" of secession as in agreement with man's right to independence, but was too tolerant to partake of the bitterness of the time. As soon as the war was over he became an advocate of reunion and national unity, and Woodrow was grounded in the same conviction. When he was President, the taunt that he was the son of a "rebel" only made him smile.

The father was called to a professorship at the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina, when Woodrow was fourteen years old. There, as always, the family life centered about religion and education. Woodrow attended school at Columbia until 1873, and then was sent to Davidson College at Mecklenburg, North Carolina. In September, 1875, a tall young man wearing a round hat and carrying a "ministerial black bag" walked into Princeton village to enter himself as a freshman at the university. Princeton did not recognize him as its future president.

In fact, for a year the institution hardly recognized him at all. He was not listed as an "honor man" the next June. But he had made some good friends in an eating club called the Alligators, and had joined a debating society, the Whigs. The next year he found himself. Some copies of the British *Gentleman's Magazine* woke him up. They contained articles on Parliamentary debates. He went on to hunt out the orations of Bright and Gladstone, and to read British political history voraciously.

He did not, however, become a grind. Although not himself an athlete, he headed the athletic association. He played baseball, serenaded young ladies, took part in undergraduate pranks, and was popular. He went on the board of *The Princetonian*, the college weekly, and after a while became its manager. He could sing a song and dance a cakewalk. Dancing, indeed, was a diversion for him as late as his first years in the White House.

As a college debater he soon took top rank, in Whig Hall and in the Liberal Debating Club, which he organized. Only he insisted on taking the side of the issue with which he agreed. Once he drew the protective-tariff side of a debate. He refused it, declaring that "nothing under heaven will make me argue for a principle I do not believe."

So the boy Wilson shaped himself into the man Wilson. The way of the man ahead was long and hard, to the very heights, to a fame that cannot be erased, and to sacrificial death.

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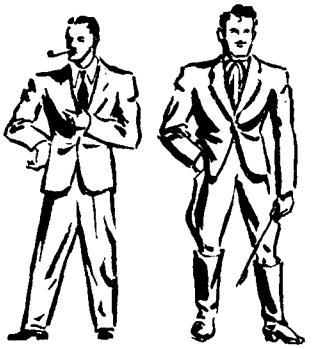
Of two men . . .
an Argentine girl
and a dilemma as old
as time



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RED CANVAS

by MARCEL WALLENSTEIN

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Mrs. Cranston, with great sincerity, has followed the course to its temporal end. Sometimes, too, she has added evidentially to chapters of history upon which full light has never shone. She may, indeed, have unearthed the cause of the break in March 1919, between Colonel Edward M. House, the trusted adviser of many years, and his chief. Neither the writings of Colonel House nor of Stephen Bonsal, the confidential Peace Conference diarist of the President, have lifted the cover from the mystery.

The immediate circumstance was the return of the President to France from America, where in February he had taken the first draft of the Covenant of the League of Nations. He believed that he had surmounted Senate opposition by accepting the amendments that had been proposed —a specific reservation covering the Monroe Doctrine, a reservation excluding "purely domestic questions" from the jurisdiction of the League Council, a provision for withdrawal from the League on an advance time notice, and a provision that the acceptance of a territorial mandate should be optional. He was confident that he could secure the adoption of the amendments by the other countries, as indeed he was able to do.

> He was relaxed and happy on the return voyage [writes Mrs. Cranston]. He knew that he had a fight on his hands in the Senate, but he believed that the majority of the people were with him and that he would win. He must win on this greatest issue of all. "It is beyond human power to satisfy everyone," he said to his wife as they walked the deck together. "All these oppressed peoples look to me to fight for them. The people at home expect me to protect their traditional interests. God knows I wish I could give all of them all they hope for—but only God Himself could do that."
>
> Colonel House met him at Brest. The President talked with him alone for several hours in his stateroom,

long after everyone else had gone to bed. Finally the door opened and the Colonel took his leave. When Mrs. Wilson went to speak to the President she was shocked at his appearance. He seemed to have aged ten years, and his jaw was set "in that way he had when he was making a superhuman effort to control himself." "What is the matter?" asked his wife. "What has happened?"

"House," was the reply, "has given away everything I had won before we left Paris. He has compromised on every side, and so I have to start all over again—and this time it will be harder, as he has given the impression that my delegates are not in sympathy with me. His own explanation of his compromises is that with a hostile press in the United States expressing disapproval of the League as part of the Treaty he thought it best to yield some other points lest the Conference withdraw its approval altogether. So now he has yielded until there is nothing left."

But he threw back his head, the light of battle in his eye. "Thank God," he said, "I can still fight. And I'll win them back or never look those boys I sent over here in the face again."

The "compromises" are not listed, but among them to a certainty was a yielding to Clemenceau on his pet project for a Rhineland Republic, and probably to Orlando on Italy's Adriatic coast claims. Whatever House's concession to Clemenceau, it got the Tiger nothing. Wilson's battle for restoration of matters as he had left them brought on, however, a short illness, from which he rose in better health to take drastic and winning action. He told Admiral Grayson on April 7, 1919, to order the *George Washington* to sail from America for Brest at once. Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Orlando all came rushing to beg him to remain at the Conference, promising that they would adjust their conflicting views to meet his own, and declaring that they "trusted the President." The order to the *George Washington* was countermanded. The work on the Covenant went forward to harmonious conclusion.

Usefully the author, in her later description of the oft-told battle of the Senate irreconcilables against the ratification of the Treaty, has set down in parallel columns the Articles of the Covenant and the Lodge reservations which the President declared "provided not for ratification, but rather for the nullification of the Treaty." The contrast between Article X and the Lodge Reservation is convincing of the rightness of the President's stand:

> Article X: The Members of the League undertake to preserve and respect as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all Members of the League. In case of such aggression the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled.
>
> Lodge Reservation to Article X: The United States assumes no obligation to preserve the territorial integrity or political independence of any other country . . . or to interfere in any way in controversies between nations . . . unless . . . the Congress . . . shall, in the excercise of full liberty of action . . . by act or joint resolution so provide.

Wilson asked his supporters in the Senate to vote down the Lodge mutilated treaty, which they did on November 19, 1919. The same day a vote was taken on the ratification of the Treaty without reservations, requiring a two-thirds majority. The vote stood 53 for the Treaty, 38 against—eight votes short of passage. Effort at revival was made, without success, during the winter, and the Treaty was finally rejected on March 20, 1920, when the document was returned to the President.

Wilson wrote no memoirs and never made a public comment on his own life. The author has fitly quoted in eulogy the words of his life-long friend, the late Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, president of the University of Virginia: "He uttered no complaint, suffered no pity, displayed no vainglory."

After this Second World War, which he foresaw if world peace plans failed —a prophesy once more sharply focused by the author—praise of Wilson or grief over him are both superfluous. Deeds are better, and mankind is trying again, stumblingly but with new determination, to realize the Wilson hopes and ideals.

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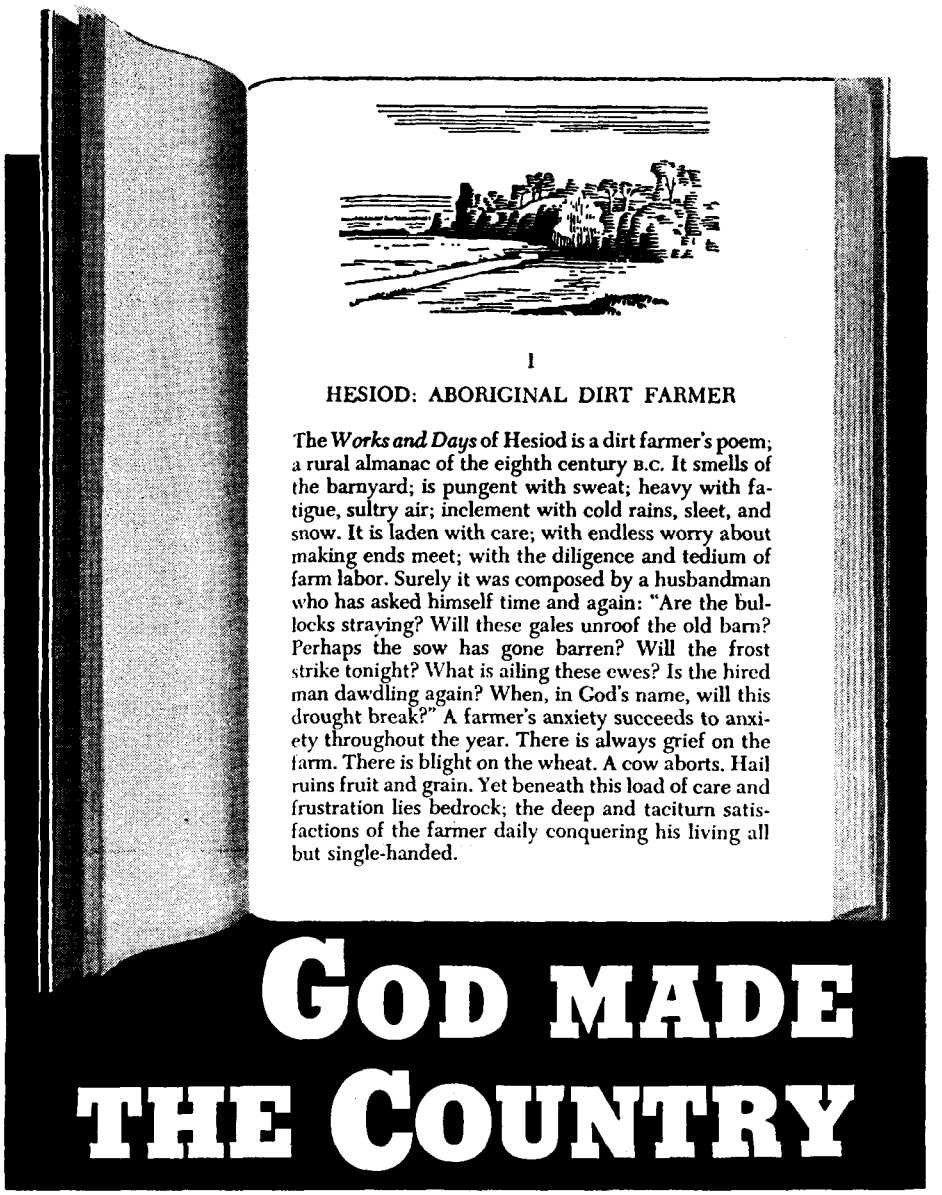
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HESIOD: ABORIGINAL DIRT FARMER
The *Works and Days* of Hesiod is a dirt farmer's poem; a rural almanac of the eighth century B.C. It smells of the barnyard; is pungent with sweat; heavy with fatigue, sultry air; inclement with cold rains, sleet, and snow. It is laden with care; with endless worry about making ends meet; with the diligence and tedium of farm labor. Surely it was composed by a husbandman who has asked himself time and again: "Are the bullocks straying? Will these gales unroof the old barn? Perhaps the sow has gone barren? Will the frost strike tonight? What is ailing these ewes? Is the hired man dawdling again? When, in God's name, will this drought break?" A farmer's anxiety succeeds to anxiety throughout the year. There is always grief on the farm. There is blight on the wheat. A cow aborts. Hail ruins fruit and grain. Yet beneath this load of care and frustration lies bedrock; the deep and taciturn satisfactions of the farmer daily conquering his living all but single-handed.
GOD MADE THE COUNTRY

CONTENTS

Introduction
I HESIOD: *Aboriginal Dirt Farmer*
II XENOPHON: *Country Gentleman of Elis*
III HORACE: *The Sabine Farm*
IV VIRGIL: *The Georgics*
V AUSONIUS: Otium cum Dignitate
VI SIDONIUS: *Villa into Manor*
VII MADAME DE SEVIGNE: *Country Gentlewoman*
VIII VOLTAIRE: Cultivez Votre Jardin
IX *Thames-side Rustics:* POPE, WALPOLE, GRAY, *and others*
X LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU *at Lovere*
XI WILLIAM COWPER: *Oh for a Lodge!*
XII *The* WORDSWORTHS *beside the Springs of Dove*
XIII *The CARLYLES at Craigenputtock*
XIV *Concord Alluvial:* EMERSON, THOREAU, ALCOTT
XV HAWTHORNE: *The New Adam and Eve in an Old Manse*
XVI *Berkshire Loam:* MELVILLE
XVII *While the Earth Remaineth:* TOLSTOY *at Yasnaya Polyana* 1862-76
XVIII *EPILOGUE:* The Enchanted Laborers
Notes
Bibliography

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—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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—RICHARDSON WRIGHT,
New York Herald Tribune Book Review

by Edward Townsend Booth

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From Cennini to Orozco

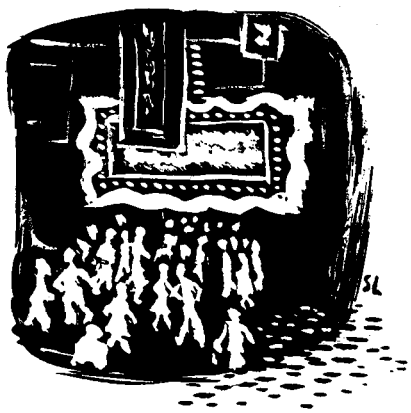
ARTISTS ON ART. 100 *Illustrations. Compiled and edited by Robert Goldwater and Marco Treves. New York: Pantheon Books, Inc.* 1945. 498 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by HORACE M. KALLEN

HERE is a new thing in the world of anthologies which should prove a boon to teachers of "art" and esthetics in young ladies' finishing schools as well as in institutions of the higher learning. Messrs. Goldwater and Treves give the word "art" a somewhat wider extension than the painter's craft for which it is today the synonym; the artists they draw upon include sculptors as well as painters, and they range from the fourteenth century to the twentieth, from Cennino Cennini to José Orozco, from Italy and Spain, through France, England, Russia, and the United States. This has involved considerable Englishing out of the Spanish and Italian by Mr. Treves, out of the rest by Mr. Goldwater: "We have translated into English for the first time nearly one half of the artists' writing quoted, and have reworked other selections for this book," and they have done it well. But the main editorial responsibility seems to have been Mr. Goldwater's. I take it that his was the clever plan of introducing each quotation, wherever possible, with a self-portrait or a portrait of the artist as well as with a brief biographical and historical note. He alone signs the introduction.

I like both what he has to say and the way he says it, and I hope that the many teachers of college courses in "art appreciation" and the history of art who are sure to use this book will require from their pupils as much attention to the words of the anthologist as to those of his artists. Indeed, I should be doubtful that the texts could be much use without the editorial context. Or, as I think about it, with them. For the use of them, so far as I can see, is to give the learner the direct feel of the faith and judgment of artists, and I ask how can quotations, however apt, truly do this?

Insight into what an artist means by a statement does not depend upon the current dictionary values of language, but upon a knowledge of the occasion which evoked his statement. The anthologist can at most only name the occasion; willy-nilly he must abstract from it, and then make a cutting from that which he abstracts. What he transposes to his anthology is thus doubly an abstraction. Mr. Goldwater is able to make his double abstractions because he believes that "though it may be neither a direct presentation of style, nor an explanation of subject, nor an analysis of esthetic intention, yet it



throws light upon his painting or sculpture . . . helps to illuminate the personality of the individual artist and many of the more general problems . . . It is a primary and important document in the history of taste . . ."

And so it is, so it does, for an art historian such as Mr. Goldwater, already familiar with the entire context of his material, looking backward upon it, and realizing it as a shorthand symbol for the total dynamic of the artist's works and ways. But I doubt whether it can be that either in the artist, or to the uninitiate public. In the artist it is more likely to be blind expression of dark inner promptings or else it is response to outer stimulus with no more and no less authority than any one else's. Sometimes it is a combination of both, as when a convalescent tells about his operation. To the public, the artist's utterances come as occasions for the public's own responses, far less likely to communicate the artist's meanings than to arouse and reshape the reader's memories. It is only when the expert steps in, with his knowledgeable conceptions of the dominant biographical context and social milieu of the artist's words, that those words take on the meaningfulness which Mr. Goldwater attributes to them. As the gynecologist is to the symptoms of the woman with child or as the paleontologist is to the bone-splinter of some unknown beast, so are the Goldwaters and other *Kunstwissenschaeftler* to the sayings of an artist. An anthology of such sayings can come alive only as their tool. There is reason to believe that in the conventional academic classroom such a tool will facilitate instruction in "art" more readily than any handbook of esthetics could.

Your Literary I· Q.

FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS

By Howard Collins

Fathers and daughters are featured in this week's quiz. From the brief descriptions given below can you identify the story in which they appeared and name the author? Allowing 10 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 51.

1. Because his youngest daughter did not express her love for him as glibly as her two sisters did, a father disinherited her and divided his estate between the others.
2. After a three-day pursuit of his eloping daughter, an angry father arrived at a lake shore in time to see her drown in the storm-lashed waves.
3. A doctor brought up his daughter on various poisons so that she became immune to them, although her breath would kill insects and wither flowers.
4. A poor old toy maker brought up his blind daughter to believe that he was young and handsome and that the hovel they lived in was a sumptuous palace.
5. In a magic wood on Midsummer Eve a "father" encountered his daughter-that-might-have-been.
6. When a stern father commanded his ever loving daughter to play the piano on a Sunday, she unexpectedly defied him and merely sat on the piano stool until she fainted from exhaustion.
7. A tiny girl whom he adopted after finding her asleep in front of his fireplace brought a lonely and friendless miser back into the social world.
8. When an over-indulgent father, who never refused his small daughter anything, was persuaded to set the cross-bar higher for her pony to jump over, she missed the jump and broke her neck.
9. "We are lost!" the captain shouted as he staggered down the stairs, but he was reassured by his little daughter.
10. And this skipper, also caught in a storm, boastfully reassured his daughter by saying, "I can weather the roughest gale that ever wind did blow," but he was incorrect.

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TRADE WINDS

(*Continued from page 36*)

Now, everyone who reads the book will wonder, "Just what does he say?" and will go out and read everything that they can lay their hands on by and about Ezra Pound. It is just like having a book banned in Boston, circulation and sales go mad, even if it is trash. And the trouble here is that it is not trash. Many other editors have included Pound's works. . . .

Also, I think that you err in saying that to publish his poetry, while he still lives, is to constitute an endorsement of his political views. How many people who read poetry know or care about the man who wrote it? Speaking for myself, I don't think that many people do. With me, if I like the poetry, I read it. If I don't, I don't. When I read the Rubaiyat, I care not one whit about Fitzgerald. I don't even care about Omar. His philosophy is there, what more do I want? Nothing! . . .

You have probably done more to immortalize the name and works of Ezra Pound than anything that he ever wrote or will write. As for the cure. . . .

Back down, put the verses back in. And in no time, it will be forgotten. A few men who challenge you now will have the vicarious pleasure of seeing you eat crow. But it takes an honest man to be humble! The vile thing that was Nazi Germany can best be countered in other ways. To continue to bar it is to invite new attacks and further publicity. Just the thing that you don't want.

From Gail Russell:

I read the controversy between you and Lewis Gannett in the *Herald Tribune*. If I had not heard Ezra Pound on the short wave broadcasts I would be inclined to agree with Gannett, who is my favorite book reviewer. However, having heard the vile mouthings of this traitor I am wholeheartedly in agreement with your position.

Furthermore, if I were one of the poets whose works are included in the anthology in question I would certainly not want anything written by Ezra Pound enclosed between the same covers.

In addition to this, I certainly would not buy any book that contained anything written by Pound or that would in any way contribute even a fraction of a cent to his welfare.

I would not exclude his works from publication by themselves but I certainly would not insult other poets by placing their poems with his. Surely Mr. Gannett would agree that Pound should be listed among the "infamous," not the "famous" poets.

From Harrison Smith:

You asked for opinions from *SRL* readers on the question of cutting Pound's poems out of your anthology. I am a reader of the magazine, and I agree wholly with Lewis Gannett, Bob Linscott, Hemingway, Eliot, and the rest. I am afraid that you will be outvoted and snowed-under. I will agree with your statement that "Pound

christopher isherwood

has written in *Prater Violet* the novel that many good critics have called the best of the year. This does not surprise readers who know his earlier books, published in England. New Directions has now republished two of these splendid novels, *Goodbye To Berlin* and *The Last of Mr. Norris*, together in one large volume as

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NEW DIRECTIONS

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sacrificed any claims either to the title of poet or to the title of American," if you will blue pencil "either to the title of poet." He is (or was) a poet, or he wasn't. Apparently, some of our foremost critics have decided over a long period that he was a poet and a good one. Your just anger at his behavior as a Fascist and traitor cannot alter that fact. But I will certainly defend the stand you take on a publisher's right to decide what he will, or will not, publish. This is a personal matter with you, and you had a perfect right to act as you did. But you have started a fine controversy, on which you are on the wrong side of the fence, and which I think is dangerous to your reputation as a liberal.

From Julius W. Long:

I cast my vote for Mr. Gannett in your controversy. I will also continue to patronize Charlie Chaplin revivals despite the comment of one critic that "Mr. Chaplin has long since ceased to be funny."

I always turn first to your two pages in *SRL*, and I shall continue to do so even if you poison your wife, dismember her body, and file the parts alphabetically under "Finished Business." The fact that you have never written a dull line in your life is not altered even if you commit a very dull murder.

From Robert Beloof:

The little tiff printed under the title "The Case of Ezra Pound" interested me strangely. Ordinarily I am a peace-loving man not given to writing letters to editors (in fact, now that I think of it, this is my first), but the subject matter of the discussion led me to peruse my library and I came up with some rather interesting facts. I have around ten volumes on my shelves bearing the format of the Modern Library editions, most of them by men who seem to me to be pretty queer people to come out of a publishing house so surcharged with Mr. Cerf's violent love for "democracy." Here is Friedrich Nietzsche, who, some claim, is the philosophic fountainhead of Nazism, but who is called by some the enervating influence of the present day. Here is Shakespeare the monarchist, not a monarchist in the modern democratic sense, but one who believed in and propagandized for the right of the king to be absolute dictator. Here are several pacifists who would have denied that Mr. Cerf's democracy would be defended by armed might: Tolstoy, Wilfred Owen, Dostoyevsky, etc. Here is one who would do away completely with Mr. Cerf's particular kind of democracy: Karl Marx. Here is e. e. cummings, who would undoubtedly; apply one of his better inventions, "manunkind," to Mr. Cerf and his fellow editors.

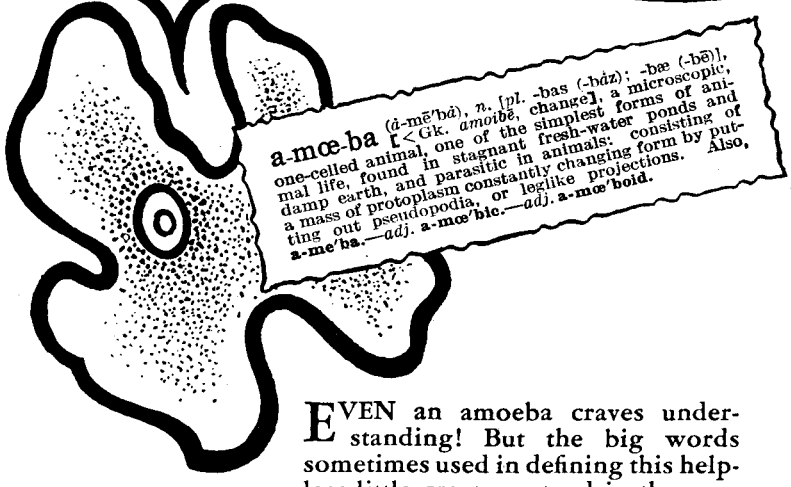
I could go on, but really I think my point has been made without a further belaboring of it. Mr. Cerf is obviously on false ground, not in assorting his right to print what he wants, but in thinking he will peddle the best literature by sticking to "good boys." He has never displayed this particular kind of blindness before, and I am surprised to say the least. He will no doubt get letters supporting his point of view in this thing, but if their jingoistic tone gives him much comfort then he isn't the man I think he is.

From Josephine Mitchell:

On my hill farm in the Ozarks there was an apple tree. It was bent, broken, eaten with internal rot, unsafe for children's climbing, without a cubic foot of sound timber in all its mass. But its blossoms were sweet and its few apples the quintessence of what fruit ought to be. I do not recall that anyone ever refused himself the tingling delight

SUPPOSE YOU WERE AN AMOEBA—

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE CALLED A "MICROSCOPIC RHIZOPODAL NUCLEATED UNICELLULAR MASS OF PROTOPLASM"?


a-mœ-ba (ə-mē'bə), n. [pl. -bas (-bəz); -bæ (-bē)], [< Gk. amoibē, change], a microscopic, one-celled animal, one of the simplest forms of animal life, found in stagnant fresh-water ponds and damp earth, and parasitic in animals: consisting of a mass of protoplasm constantly changing form by putting out pseudopodia, or leglike projections. Also, a-me'ba.—adj. a-mœ'bic.—adj. a-mœ'boid.

EVEN an amoeba craves understanding! But the big words sometimes used in defining this helpless little creature stand in the way.

Does your *present dictionary* make you look up more words in order to understand the definition of even the simplest ones? You'll find a refreshing contrast in the clear, sensible, easy-to-understand definitions in *The Winston Dictionary.*

Notice the difference between the "dictionary double-talk" given above and the straightforward WINSTON definition of an amoeba which is shown below it. Note, too, how *The Winston's* key word is in sharp, bold black *double-size* type, so that your eye can locate it instantly on the page.

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The WINSTON DICTIONARY

"TAKE MY WORD FOR IT"

The Modern Authority

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of their crisp deliciousness because the tree was so exactly what a tree ought *not* to be.

Strangely, God often uses for his work the instrument which man's honesty would passionately reject —wretched Jacob, adulterous David, the light Samaritan. Shall we rip up the paintings of Hals because of his brutality to his wife, silence Brahms because we are kind to animals, suppress Wagnerian opera for even better reasons? (When I spoke of Daniel Webster in a banker's presence, his sole comment was, "He didn't pay his debts.")

Or, shall we take beauty where we find it, thankful that it is there for us to enjoy?

From DeWitt Lounsbery:

As a long-time reader of the *SRL* and your Trade Winds column, and a six-week-old still unemployed Army Air Force veteran, struggling for a footing in this tumultuous pseudo-peacetime world of ours . . . I hasten to raise one small voice to acclaim your expounded stand regarding Ezra Pound and his works.

Obviously, Mr. Lewis Gannett & Co. belong to the "three-little-monkeys" school of thought . . . see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil. I recommended that he and they be marooned for a couple of years on a small bit of rock island far out in the sweltering Pacific. Such a sojourn would quite possibly altar their viewpoint toward traitors, and those who caused them to be placed in such a predicament. Upon being allowed to creep back to the homeland, they would quite possibly decry appeasement of all wicked overs and unders who tried to destroy their civilization.

My library will soon add a copy of Messrs. Benét & Aiken's anthology . . . and this reader will rejoice that there is at least one righteous, strong-minded individual still alive in this tomorroworld of ours.

From Melville Cane:

Responding to Mr. T. Wind's appeal to be rescued from his emotional brain-storm, I throw out this rope as he goes down for the third time. In answer to his prayer for light on whether to pound or lay off, I suggest that he promptly recall the bowdlerized edition of his "Anthology" and in all subsequent printings reinstate the lyrics of Pound as selected by Aiken. The courts will take care of Pound for his violation of his oath of allegiance to the Republic.

That he betrayed his country doesn't justify a publisher to betray art or to forget his professional responsibility. Random House's record is too fine to be marred by this black mark. It should welcome the opportunity to erase it.

From Mary McE. Hupfel:

. . .Unfortunately, I am no student of Pound. But the fact that he has been included in several previous anthologies, and considered at length by competent critics of our time, shows that he does have at least a controversial importance. Without having any real basis for judging, or knowing the average number of inclusions per poet in Aiken's collection, it would seem that twelve is quite a number. I

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suspect that Aiken was leaning over backward, and that this had something to do with your stand on the matter. At any rate, Aiken is the editor, and I think you should have printed his selections, or else have given up the entire project, which was of course your prerogative.

However, under the circumstances of the very recent blaze of notorious publicity on Pound, I think it would be entirely justifiable for you to insert a note to the effect that the inclusion of his work is in no way to be construed as approval of his character or ideas. You would even be justified in going further and stating quite emotionally that you loathe the scoundrel.

But you should print the poems.

From Harry J. Owens:

I agree with you in your attitude about Ezra Pound's poetry . . .

It seems to me to be good publishing to present any work in its proper setting. If you want to bring out a book entitled "Astonishingly Good Poetry Written by Traitors," then I think Pound ought to have a place in it—if his work is astonishingly good. Or if you want to change the title of your book to include a bold subhead—"Including Twelve Poems by a Notorious Skunk"—then I think it would be proper enough.

Frankly, I think your friends who dissent so violently assign far too much importance to the technical excellence of Pound's poetry (and I am taking their word for it!), and far too little to his depravity as a (technical) American. "Famous" connotes to me "honored" and "celebrated"—and, I ask you, who has ever honored or celebrated the work of Pound except the professional poets and critics? In my opinion, nothing that Pound has ever written is famous in a popular sense. . . .

The thing becomes rather ridiculous. All the same, I think the point is important, and I think, further, that the point of view and the interests of the public should be considered in a matter like this rather more than the opinions of the "technical experts." Your instinctive revulsion ("emotion," if that is a better word) is nearer right in this case, I believe, than the good people who seem to believe that we should "honor" and "celebrate" the work of a man who has proved himself a traitor and a spiritual crook.

From Ted Thackrey:

This constant reader offers sincere congratulations on the stand you and your associates took in excluding Ezra Pound's works from the American section of the Modern Library's "An Anthology of Famous English and American Poetry."

Had it been an anthology of works famous and infamous, of poets also famous and infamous, Pound would have deserved inclusion. I, for one, would have been bitterly resentful if I had been presented with Mr. Pound in any anthology of famous American poets. Who in hell said Ezra Pound was either a famous man or an American?

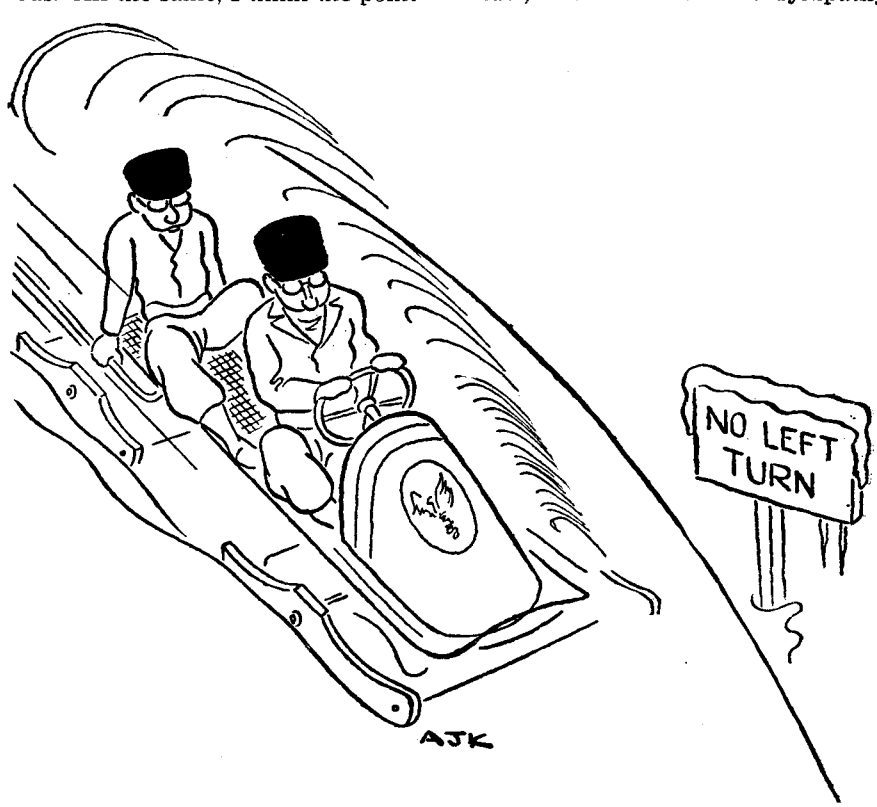
From Senior English Class, Houston High School:

We heartily agree with you in the exclusion of Ezra Pound's poems from "An Anthology of Famous English and American Poetry."

Our class decided that a publisher should be responsible for what he publishes. We also agreed that Ezra Pound, a traitor to America, did not deserve to have his poems in your book.

From Homer E. Woodbridge:

As to Ezra Pound, I would hang the traitor, but reprint the good poetry that he wrote in earlier years. I agree with you 100 per cent about his character and conduct, and have as little sympathy



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as you with the insanity plea. I believe he is quite as sane as the Italian gangsters whom he served, and more contemptible because he was false to a greater heritage.

But I think you were wrong in refusing to print his good poems in the anthology. The poems are not treasonable and should be judged on their own merits. In some of the "Cantos" Pound shows himself a traitor to both humanity and poetry; I would not print them in any anthology. But there was once something good and sound in the man, and he put it into his best poems. They are his contribution —not a petty one—to America, and they are worth preserving and remembering along with his treason.

From Captain A. T. Moore:

I am very interested in your controversy over having excluded Ezra Pound from your anthology of American poetry.

As a military police officer in the Italian theatre, members of my company transported Ezra Pound as a prisoner of war from Genoa to Milan. At this time Mr. Pound vilified the Americans and derided the military police for being such fools as to think that he would ever be tried as a traitor. I was recently very humiliated to find that he was right and that the military police were wrong. He was not tried as a traitor.

I heartily agree with you that this man should not be included as an American poet, since he is an American only by an accident of birth and his ideology is diametrically opposed to democracy and "the American way of life." It is unfortunate that our American courts do not possess your moral courage.

From Mrs. J. H. Mowat:

This is what I think about the Ezra Pound business.

The poems of Pound's that were meant to be included in the anthology are not Fascist even if their author is. You would not be spreading any Fascist doctrine by printing them. It seems to me that this is the main point.

I do not agree with you that by printing Pound's poetry you give any kind of approval to his political views. Distinctions must be drawn between a man's work and his character.

By refusing to print his work you glorify him as a rebel. By printing his work you cut him down to his normal size.

What I would do if I were in your sizzling boots, Mr. Cerf, is to print his poetry, but in the biographical sketch let the old stinker have it with both barrels.

In time I hope to write a personal note of thanks to everybody who responded to my plea for help on this question. Meanwhile I trust that this printed word of gratitude will suffice. I regret that some of the most interesting letters were far too long to reprint here.

In future editions of the Aiken anthology, the twelve Ezra Pound poems he originally selected will be included—along with the following footnote:

After the publishers of the Modern Library omitted the poems of Ezra Pound from the first edition of this volume, a veritable avalanche of praise and blame, equally divided, descended upon them. The arguments on both sides were forcibly, if often hysterically, presented, and left the delicate questions of freedom of expression and the moral responsibility of the writer just where they have always been—in the realm of unresolved controversy.

Nothing could have been farther from the intention of the publishers than to exercise arbitrary rights of censorship; their only position was that they did not choose to have a traitor and proclaimed Fascist represented in a volume bearing their imprint.

Now Ezra Pound has been declared legally "insane." We reprint his poems in order to remove any possible hint of suppression, and because we concede that it may be wrong to confuse Pound the poet and Pound the man. Pound the poet is deemed worthy of representation in this volume by the editor, Conrad Aiken. Here he is. Pound the man we consider a contemptible betrayer of his country.

BENNETT CERF.

Fatal Chorus

(Discovery of the Seal Islands)

By Daniel Henderson

I

Fortune lies farther off—
Stir yourself, Pribilof.

Dead is the otter trade,
Time for a richer raid,

Listen to the Aleuts
Who on their lone pursuits

Watch how the seal herds go
Northward in annual flow.

What if you went and found
That crowded breeding-ground

Lost in the mystery
Of the fogged Bering Sea:

Ah, what a fortunate shore—
Go, Pribilof, explore!

II

Weeks drag. His scribbled log
Has but one story—fog.

Vain seems the grim endeavor.
One day, however,

The vessel's whirling shroud
Is, on a sudden, loud.

From the phantasmal wall
Do myriad warlocks call?

No . . . barks and roars and sqeals
From multitudinous seals.

Sailors, their vision blurred,
Hear now the procreant herd

Safe in the mist and spume,
Cry out to groping doom.

There where the fog is shrill
Fleets gather for the kill.

Regency coats, hats, laces, faces token, it seems, a Regency season—

Prospect delightful to all concerned—trend under way for the soundest reason:

Regency people had fun and games—the rakehell dandies, the lively dames—

(When after Waterloo, like V-J day, gambling and gamboling hit their heyday)

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Cornish Ghosts and Characters

WEST-COUNTRY STORIES. By A. L. Rowse. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1946. 222 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by J. P. Wood

IN a brief preface the author explains that he has used the word "stories" in the title of his book in its older sense, going back to the Middle Ages, to include narratives of both fact and fiction. Some of the "stories" are stories indeed, others are descriptions of things seen and noted in the leisurely country walks of a scholar who has not left his library far behind. Many of the "stories" are gentle, donnish essays of a familiar and, when they are as well done as these, very pleasant English type.

Known through his "The English Spirit" and "The Spirit of English History" as a sensitive historian, A. L. Rowse in this small volume is still the historian, here not of all England but of his native Cornwall. "West-Country Stories" is of Cornwall by a Cornishman steeped in the past of his place and his own affection for it, and intent on capturing the very flavor of his home. He brings the historical record, legend, memory, and fondly lingering thoughtfulness all to his task.

The first offerings are ghost stories, most of them told by the Dean over wine in his rooms at gatherings of Oxford fellows. "The Wicked Vicar of Lansillian," "The Stone that Liked Company," "All Souls' Night," and "The Beneficent Shoes" are of mystery and spirits and the night, but only of Cornish spirits and Cornish nights.

In "Cornish Conversation Piece," the author records and explains the speech of Mrs. Rosevear and Miss Menadue, two old Cornishwomen who cared for him during a long convalescence. The piece is an essay on Cornish idiom, particularly the use of the simile, inevitable in Cornish speech. "How Dick Stephens Fought the Bear" is a story, the author says, famous in its time from Penzance to Plymouth and set down here for the benefit of posterity. It is told by aged but doughty Dick Stephens himself. "Cornwall in the Civil War," which seems to have started as a review of a historical work on that subject by Mary Coate, becomes a fascinating account of the place and the period.

The author visits the birthplace of John Opie, the Cornish painter, at Harmony Cot near Perranporth. makes a sentimental journey by train through Cornwall, and, through the diaries of a Victorian clergyman, makes a picnic and grand excursion to Land's End in 1870.

"West-Country Stories" is a miscellany, but its parts are nicely joined to the single end of presenting Cornwall as it is known and felt by one who knows and loves his subject. Though a few of the essays lack substance to carry their weight of charm, the whole makes a delightful volume.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SUSANNA DON'T YOU CRY *Mary Plum* (Crime Club: $2.)	Apparently accidental death of Iowa hotel-owner doubted by niece. Two ex-marines help her to solution.	Susan Marquette and her crotchety half-sister well drawn; Marines are amusing and believable. Plot sufficiently tangled and mystifying.	Entertaining
WHISPER MURDER *Vera Kelsey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Ex-war correspondent Cumberland makes shattering discoveries on investigating gas poisonings and arson wave.	Small-town background ably handled, crimes capably solved, ample action and quite a few surprises.	Readable
RUE MORGUE NO. 1 Editors: *Rex Stout* and *Louis Greenfield* (Creative Age: $2.75)	Nineteen murder and horror yarns, culled, most of them, from the pulps.	A few good stories and considerable tripe. Stout's introduction is honest and interesting.	Average anthology
THE LYING LADIES *Robert Finnegan* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Don Banion, crime reporter, won't let homeless wanderer be railroaded for doubtful murder. Placing of guilt raises tempest in town.	Convincing and cataclysmic tale of murders, blackmail and general villainy . . Good stuff—even ifauthor does overplay his hand.	Action plus

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Period Piece, Complete with Dust

I WILL BE GOOD. By Hester Chapman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 477 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

AT first one is tempted to believe that this flamboyant tale must be a satire on the third-rate novels of the "Tempest and Sunshine" school. Reluctantly one reaches the conclusion that Miss Chapman's intentions are serious. Her chief character, to be sure, is a Victorian authoress whose fifteen romances include such titles as "Only a Governess," and "If Love Were All." and this lady attempts to arrange the lives of the other people in the story in plots reminiscent of her own concoctions. But, from the reader's point of view, the difficulty with the work is that these other people seem to be figments of just such a Victorian lady's imagination and that not only their conversations but Miss Chapman's narrative as well all walk on the same Victorian stilts.

The ingenue of the melodrama is a beautiful girl, timid and violent by turns, alternately clothed in rags or Worth creations, neglected by her wealthy father for the most part, but on occasion given everything she desires. There is also a romantic wounded hero, a husband who is a husband in name only, and a terrible female villain who tries to poison the authoress and manages to become the mistress of most of the male characters in the story. (Shades of Marie Corelli and Elsie Dinsmore!) A large part of the action takes place around 1865 in a forbidding castle on the north coast of France. French customs of the time, French architecture, costumes, and jewelry are described in painstaking detail, and some of the provincial noblesse exhibit recognizable idiosyncrasies. But as a whole the theatrical plot and manufactured sentiments, the banal writing and the absence of insight into character or a gift for dialogue (all persons speak alike) combine to make this florid tale of "ruined love and passionate despair" as unconvincing as the dusty, period pieces it seems to imitate.

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—*Saturday Review*

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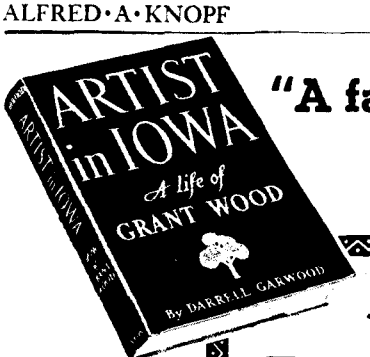

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING			REMARKS
	Balance	*Realism*	*Surface*	
RAVEL, Daphnis and Chloë suite #2 Boston Symphony, Koussevitsky V SP 1 (2) $2.25		Good considering complexity of score.	A—	Only recording currently available of this first quality Ravel. Koussevitsky reading is authoritative, replaces his older recording.
CHOPIN, Nocturne F# (Rimsky-Korsakov, Fl. of Bumble Bee; Liadov, Music Box) Alexander Brailowsky, piano. V 11-9009 (1) $1		Piano on brilliant side. Metallic.	A	Three familiar encores. For more Chopin see Gimpel album (Vox 604). More due soon.
MAHLER, Symphony #4 New York Philharmonic, Bruno Walter. Desi Halban, *soprano*	Excellent. Soprano at stage-distance, yet clear.	A	A—	See below. Technically first rate job; easy listening. Especially good on high fidelity equipment—triangles, etc., in orchestra. Walter reading definitive.

THE recent recording of Mahler's "Fourth Symphony" by the New York Philharmonic and Bruno Walter is a chance for those who are suspicious of Mahler to give him another try at a bargain rate. The Fourth is capsule form, for Mahler—no longer than the average Brahms symphony and about half the length of the Ninth or the Bruckner Fifth.

The coupling of Mahler and Bruckner is decidedly superficial. Together, they wrote the longest and the biggest symphonies. Together they achieved the ultimate in Bigness for its own sake. But their monstrous works only reflect an attitude general in the period, summed up for all time in the great Peace Jubilee in Boston where an orchestra of 2000, 100 firemen with anvils (the Anvil Chorus!), a set of electrically fired cannon, an arch-chorus of 20,000 voices, and such bewildered notables as Johann Strauss assembled to pay final homage to Bigness. It is hardly fair to blame Mahler for an expansiveness that was taken for granted in the period which ended with him.

In spite of longwindedness (not so long in the Fourth) Mahler is a subtle and original composer, where Bruckner is lengthily platitudinous. And strangely enough his music as you hear it is intimate and close at hand, with a singular transparency. His orchestra is one of soloists playing in ones and twos. The Mahler style stems from (and self-consciously recalls) the lyric tradition of Haydn, Schubert, Beethoven, and Johann Strauss—music abounding in the sweet melodies and folk dance rhythms of Germany and Austria. And therefore on records Mahler is an attractive and interesting composer even though his name on a symphony concert sends all but the devotees and the cultists elsewhere.

It was tragic that at the very close of the era of Bigness Mahler persisted so stubbornly in his efforts to bring back the Romantic past. To the end he held to his almost pathetic faith in sheer mass and weight—at a time when Debussy had long since found a relatively healthy Impressionism and others like Satie were well along in the reaction to extreme economy of means.

Mahler was not a real epic composer like Handel and Beethoven and he had none of the musical mumbo-jumbo that made Tchaikowsky, introspective as he was, a master of orchestral big-time. Throughout Mahler's music one feels desperate conflict, between the personal and intimate expression that was his real gift. And though he never found a way out, the bitter struggle, reflected musically, spurred the techniques of twentieth-century music and inspired a Romanticism that has yet to disappear among leaders like Schoenberg, Webern, Berg, Sessions, Bloch, and Bartok.

To most of us those names mean radicalism. Yet in the music of every one of them you will find a kind of intensity and especially a use of dissonance to express violent emotion that comes straight from Mahler's own tortured expression.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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HEINRICH MANN: Dreamer and Realist

(*Continued from page 6*)

tuoso and/or satirical Mephisto while never failing to preach with candid simplicity and deep fervor the truths considered by him essential for the treatment of this world's social ailments, namely, freedom, justice, and higher human dignity in the common man.

In the masterpiece of his earlier period, "The Patrioteer" (also recently republished in English under the title "Little Superman"), Heinrich Mann showed to the world the enemy number one of that freedom, justice, and higher human dignity. Rereading "The Patrioteer" today, we recognize with admiration and awe that there was already, back in 1914, a perfect novelistic picture of the coming Fuehrer, a prophetic preview of the Hitler type, too readily overlooked, alas. I wish this book were required reading for the personnel of the Military Government in Germany.

For the story of Diedrich Hessling, exemplary subject of His Imperial Majesty William II, ruthless social climber, noisy admirer of everyone higher up, and brutal despiser of the plebs, remains even after more than thirty years one of the most lucid and informative studies of that "average good German" who cheered Hitler, joined the Nazi party, and enjoyed the loot of the Wehrmacht as long as war and crime seemed to pay, and who, after the downfall of the Third

Reich, hurriedly turned into an innocent victim of Nazism all too ready to offer his efficient services and expert advice to his dear American "liberators."

In the masterpiece of his later years, "King Henry IV," the author presents us with the positive counterpart to the Hessling-Hitler type—a truly great man who in all situations acts in the right manner as humanist, as lover of justice, as lover of reason, and as friend of the people.

The two volumes of "King Henry IV"—"Young Henry of Navarre" and "Henry the King"—are a rare synthesis of all the literary gifts of Heinrich Mann. This vast historical panorama is the poetical realization of the author's idea of the "purpose of literature as essentially the same as that of theology and medicine, namely, to teach people how to live . . . more reasonably, with greater dignity and happiness."

Unlike his brother Thomas (and most of his fellow writers), Heinrich Mann never considered himself a "non-political man." During the First World War he vehemently opposed the ninety-three German scientists, artists, and writers who signed a shameful nationalistic declaration. After the war, in the Weimar Republic, he was, as president of the Prussian Academy of Letters, one of the chief targets of the Nazis and their allies.

He was the first to declare, in 1933, that it was impossible for a writer to conform with the New Order of Hitler and Goebbels, and his ringing words rallied the German exiled writers, much to the ire of Goebbels, who confessed that "those uprooted literary exiles, those Heinrich Manns and others, are doing more harm to our cause than a whole army corps of bandits could do."

Today, at seventy-five, Heinrich Mann, looking at the wreckage the Nazis left behind them, neither despairs nor retires into silence. His word goes out to the German people, teaching them once more what he tried to teach before: the "respect and the knowledge of the true human values, so long alienated from the spirit of Germany."

Mr. Weiskopf, a native of Prague, is the author of the recently published "Twilight on the Danube."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 143

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 143 will be found in the next issue.

DGAAPDG BCKGMPM,

MFHEPX DPKRM BKPNFMP,

DCKPP-BFHPO

CSBPKTWHPM, MBKZNP

GAAPNDGDFWX. AFYZKPM

BPOGXDFNGH.

L. M.—HWQP'M HGTWZK'M

HWMD

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 142

No sane local official who has hung up an empty stocking over the municipal fireplace is going to shoot Santa Claus just before Christmas.

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THREE CENTURIES OF WARNING—AND HOPE

(*Continued from page 6*)

complishments into the world. Those who were unable to point to exemplary institutions, but who, on the other hand, had a Kant (whom they disavowed), had on their side neither an intrinsic right nor a clear conscience. As conquerors, they must appear stealthy and furtive, being at the same time the perpetrators of premeditated dreadfulness which otherwise would be purposeless. And that is what happened. Someone comes along pretending to be what he is not, denying his age, trying to appear fresh and unburdened. In reality, he is bound to the thousand-year-old moralists who had their fair share in the developed culture, developed also by themselves. Therein lies Germany's inability to be victorious.

Assuming the possibility that Germany had actually subdued the world: what would have happened? The feeling of being victimized would have all the more been present in the German mind—quite rightly so, and with incomparably more justification than before. They would now offer a tangible counter-example of themselves, would have boldly to proclaim themselves and actually be what according to the testimony of the past they were not, would have to lead an alien life. A far-fetched alien life: not one of the envied nations of the world was ready to trample upon humanity. They who do, cut the ground from under their feet.

Fairy tales tell of such things. So old a history, the German within the European one, may not be overthrown. Immortal is a country's great literature, but rarely only may this be said of its political deeds—never, if for their enactment they require a warped mode of thinking, an obscuration of the conscience. It remains amazingly unbelievable that the hopeless enormity could have been undertaken.

In retrospect, the attempt at a German world conquest looks somewhat like the antics of a drunken man who, having made a bet with himself, rages with alcoholic stubbornness. Nobody had joined in the bet, neither had he been challenged; on all sides, the painful necessity of restraining him is felt. Combined, the others could do it almost at once. They neglect it until the eleventh hour, to a very considerable extent because of mere bewilderment at the fracas dared by one of their own kind, by a nation like any other; at the enormities the drunkard proves capable of; at the horrible atrocities following upon the attacks.

German atrocities—after the event, at least, it must strike us that they took place in divorcement from humanity. We see in wild icy loneliness the convulsive jerkings of an already condemned scoundrel before he is captured. That which he has inflicted is too inhuman to permit sympathy with him, instead of with his victims. He who would stop to listen to the wailings of the monster would himself become suspect. Remarkable, how small the raving nation had all at once become; nothing but the appendage and accessory of the most miserable degenerates; how senseless the raving, how self-obvious. No European nation ever fell to such depths of voluntary abasement. Could it be voluntary in this instance?

The moment for such consideration seems ill chosen. All the same, even the most extreme case of unnaturalness, because of its very extremeness, is a matter not only for the judges but also for the explorers. But what is there in connection with man, the natural as well as the abnormal, that has not yet been explored? A German of the seventeenth century, who called himself Angelus Silesius, stated:

The greatest wonder after all is man on earth:
He may, just as he wills, to god or fiend give birth.

That was long ago. There was a German war then, too, with aggressions, all of which were not as yet called German, with atrocities which were shared—well, a European war of German origin, like so many others. The difference between the long war of the seventeenth century and the two combined ones of the twentieth lies in the thoughts that have since been entertained: fervent anti-war thoughts, adjurations launched in the course of three centuries, memories, warnings, anguished dreams. And all this in Germany more than anywhere else.

It is doubtful if any other country has enough poems and stories to fill a book of prayers for peace. German literature has; it seems to make their compilation imperative. The anthology "Morning Glow" obeys a mandate. It is a specifically German textbook. It shows how deeply devoted to peace is great literature—in the country of rarely interrupted war.

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Memoirs

By Henry John Firley

Grief runs through hawthorn
Red with April memory
When prairie winds ford shallow fog
Of the Sangamon.

It is a young man's grief
New Salem knew.

A prayer rededicates
The blood-red Cemetery Hill
When fall winds blow a three-day thunder
Over Gettysburg.

It is a patriarch's prayer
The whole world knows.

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the Phoenix Nest

SOMETIMES the editorials of the *New York Times* sound to me as though they were written in the last century, and I think of that wonderful *New Yorker* cartoon by Gluyas Williams, showing the dear old paper being suddenly and shockingly acquainted with the facts of life. But the other morning, on page one, I started reading an article by C. L. Sulzberger, headed "Anti-Franco Blows Shaping as Falangist Program Fails." The head had the same old pussyfooting aspect that so many conservative newspaper heads adopt when they don't want to displease their more staid subscribers. But the article turned out to be a lulu. It is one of the best, if not *the* best article I have read on the Franco regime in Spain for a long, long time; and I urge all readers of the *Nest* to get a copy of the *New York Times* for February 26, 1946, and read the article, which, from a short run on page one, breaks to nearly half a page on page four. Mr. Sulzberger, son of the publisher of the *Times,* has really got inside Spain as it is today and has all the facts, about all groups. One phrase in the subhead given his article is the text for some of his best exposition: "Medievalism Grips Nation." Not only does he entirely expose the Falange for the vicious brutal incubus it is, but he shows how that great Defender of the Faith, Generalissimo Franco, has to be protected against his own people by the Moors he has brought back to Spain, since Queen Isabella expelled them five centuries ago. Slowly—oh, how slowly!—the United States is actually beginning to realize that the Spanish Republic, for which some of our young men fought and died in those horrible years that were a prelude to the mad-dog Nazi leap at the throat of the civilized world, might have brought Spain out of the Dark Ages, and that Franco, with the help of the Nazis and the Fascists, hurled her right back into the pit of the old starvation and illiteracy. Nor does Mr. Sulzberger mince words when he says:

> The intellectual concepts of the Franco government are archaic to a degree that appals. In a land where the simple technique of reading and writing is by no means a widespread benefit, elementary school children learn from a catechism that teaches in effect that the principles of the Atlantic Charter are sinful.

He shows how even a cardinal, and a reactionary Carlist, are considered "Rojo" (Red) by the Falange. President Roosevelt was a "rojo" to them, and so is—guess who!—Walter Lippmann. But the article is so well written, catches so well the atmosphere of Spain, the wry proverbial humor of the Spanish people in the face of utter destitution, covers the whole ground so brilliantly, presents the terrible picture with such reason and honesty, that I think it should certainly win the Pulitzer Prize for the best piece of reporting of the year. Mr. Sulzberger says that a careful observer has estimated that today, if there were to be a free vote of the people, the Anarchist Confederacion Nacional Trabajadores and the Socialists U. G. T. would receive about a million votes, and the Communists about 400,000. He tells what the Spanish people think of bringing in the Spanish Bourbons, a consummation for which certain forces in England are quietly working. The people think it would be "the same dog with a different collar." As for the superficially pleasant picture Spain presents to some, the words of a humble cafe waiter are quoted:

> It is like a beautiful play in a great theatre. All the words sound splendid. The costumes are gorgeous and the scenery is truly magnificent. And all the actors are starving.

Until Spain becomes a republic, and the people are lifted from the horrible impoverishment and illiteracy that is now a stench in the nostrils of the human race, it will remain the most backward country in the civilized world. It is ruled by the strutting Falange still, by the absentee landlord and medieval bishop, monarchist army officer, and conscienceless grandee. That is nothing new. But Nazi thuggism has been added; and the country is now the refuge for such powerful Nazis as are left. As Mr. Sulzberger says, in the first words of his article, "The world's last Axis dictatorship is still operating blandly."

* * *

If Vincent Starrett ever reads this gallimaufry, I hereby call upon him to enlighten our readers concerning a quiet Rochester lawyer who died as far back as 1926. That man was one whom Mr. Starrett celebrated in "Buried Caesars," the author of but two—alas!—books of exquisite short stories. "The Monk and the Dancer" (1900) and "The Turquoise Cup and the Desert" (1903). His name was Arthur Cosslett Smith. Who knows much about him today? When I think of short story writers who should be remembered, I think of him, and of the late Arthur Colton, and of Arthur Sullivant Hoffman who, for long years, hid his light under the bushels of editorial manuscripts that it was his job to winnow when he was editing *Adventure,* and later *Romance.* He has been teaching fiction since 1929 and has written at least four books about the art; but too few have been his own stories.

* * *

The following anonymous contribution seems worth presenting to you, evidently written on behalf of the returning veterans:

THE RACKETEERING LANDLORD

The racketeering landlord went to Heaven—
Just to the gates! St. Peter made it even.
"Here," said the Saint, "houses are not too few.
There are many mansions, but not one for you!"

The Lord said, "To remember I begin
How once they cried, 'There's no room at the Inn!'
On earth, I understand, the suave reportage
Is something-or-other about a 'housing shortage.'

"Living in trailers and in LSTs
Are the young men who served you overseas;
Facts on young families are far the worst.
You rate as outcasts: Women and Children first.

"Yet still you trust in building Boom and Bust.

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Or is it in Man's desperate plight
you trust?
I understand the Devil has learned in
Hell,
And has some phony furniture to
sell.

"And you have taught him other
dodges too.
His housing problem's hot. He waits
for you,
For you and the politicians I abhor
Who play for profits." *He opened
the trap-door.*

There is nothing more important than
the home
To any country. Here they are
just for *some.*
And Decent Housing Bills are just
a hobby
Laughed at (to tears) by the Real-
tors' lobby.

Give the G. I. a home? Don't make
me laugh!
From hearing *that* my lip is cracked
in half.
The country's for the hogs, still, now,
and yet.
What applesauce you promised to
the Vet!

It's just too bad folks of your sort
are free,
Like Senators who killed the
F. E. P. C.
But you're the yappers for Freedom,
I am told—
Freedom to swindle—freedom to
withhold!

You want eight thousand dollars for
a shack.
Well, anyway, lots of the boys are
back,
And more and more are coming, you
Gyppers note—
Yes, coming by millions, and com-
ing with the VOTE!

. . . Young Millard Lampell has written me that the response to his G. I. speech to which I referred some time ago made him humble. There were about six thousand letters, from veterans, farm people, etc. I don't think those among our legislators who are troglodytes are going to have it all their own way much longer.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 624)

W. M. THACKERAY:

[*BALLAD OF*] *BOUILLABAISSE*

Indeed a rich and savory stew 'tis,
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural
beauties,
Should love good victuals and
good drinks.

.....

Come .....
. . . Sit you down and say your
grace

.....

Here comes the smoking bouil-
labaisse!

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientele; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to exchange of correspondence. Rates: 15 cents per word. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions follow—26 insertions, 10c a word; 13 insertions, 12c a word; 6 insertions, 14c a word. Payment in full must be received fifteen days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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EXPERIENCED COMMERCIAL MOTION PICTURE and slidefilm writer wanted for top bracket position with leading industrial producer. Please state qualifications and experience. Our organization knows of this ad. Box 245-P.

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WISH TO CONTACT all periodicals having a personals department. Box 248-P.

YOUNG PAINTER, veteran, would rent room or two suitable for studio, Manhattan, to $100. Box 249-P.

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INTERESTED IN HEALTH? Send for free list of books on diet and longevity. Box 205-P.

TEACHER AVAILABLE for July, August, offers services as governess, tutor or companion. Box 251-P.

PHILANTHROPIC PRINTER wanted to venture into an idea as conceived by a young man. Box 252-P.

BACHELOR, VETERAN, 30, in rut in N. Y., desires change. Intelligent, cultured, traveled. 10 years experience as editorial drudge. Seeks job on coast or abroad, publishing or what have you? No selling. Box 305-P.

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PERSONALS

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(Continued on page 62)

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BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1899. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th Street, N. Y.

(Continued from page 61)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

MRS. GUILFORD C. BABCOCK, Morristown, N. J., advances a unique suggestion; namely, the printing of the answers to a book in the succeeding Series, so that she and others will not be unhappy at knowing that despite sealing up the answers the latter are still there to tempt. She thinks that the salability of the books would be enhanced thereby. I'm not so sure. It was in answer to repeated requests by puzzlers that, beginning with Series 6, the answers were included in the books and not sent in a separate folder on request of the puzzler. Even today I am petitioned for the answers to those first five books by those who purchase them now, for the publishers have long been out of them.

Roger F. Evans, New York City, relieves his conscience by written confession that #621 sent him, a non-reference book puzzler, at last to the dictionary. That, you know, pleases me, for although I advocate no special way of doing DCs, leaving the matter to the "taste and fancy of the speller," I do feel that the use of reference books holds great exploratory possibilities beyond the mere quotation itself.

Now Kent Curtis, Grand Rapids, Minn., having no time while running a summer camp to do DCs, "keeps the SRLs in calculated disorder, in order that when doing them later he'll not peek at the answers." So it chances that he is only now doing that July DC from the Canadian poet, Dandridge, "Ittle Touzle Head," the Negro dialect selection that caused such a furor, especially from those who failed to note the warning on the DC itself before they tackled the DC, and he adds his voice to the other dissenters in no uncertain tones.

Probably no DCer enjoys our puzzles more than Mrs. Sarah B. Dunn, Woodbridge, New Haven, Conn., once a New Yorker but for years a member of that college community which gives us such loyal support. Almost every word calls up associations in a long life of literary interests.

Among the latest names received for our Decennial Scroll are: Hermia M. Kniskern and Marguerite Coffin, New York City; Samuel D. Davis, San Francisco, and Mrs. Ella M. I. Shafer, Tenafly, N. J. As Miss Coffin's reference books are elsewhere, practically all she has to rely on is a small section of a dictionary, the rest of which was consumed by a friend's dog, so that she most enjoys words in the DCs that fit her remnants.

Among those who called my attention to the error in #619 of classifying Jensen as a Pulitzer Prize winner instead of a Nobel are Sybil Norton and Mrs. Fred C. Mills, New York. Mrs. Mills uses, among the reference books most of us have, Anne Frances Root's "Mythological Aids for Crossword Puzzle Solvers."

William S. Allen, lawyer, of Greenfield, Mass., in calling our attention to the Upshur error of statement, refers to C. M. Fuess's "Life of Daniel Webster."

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 625

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

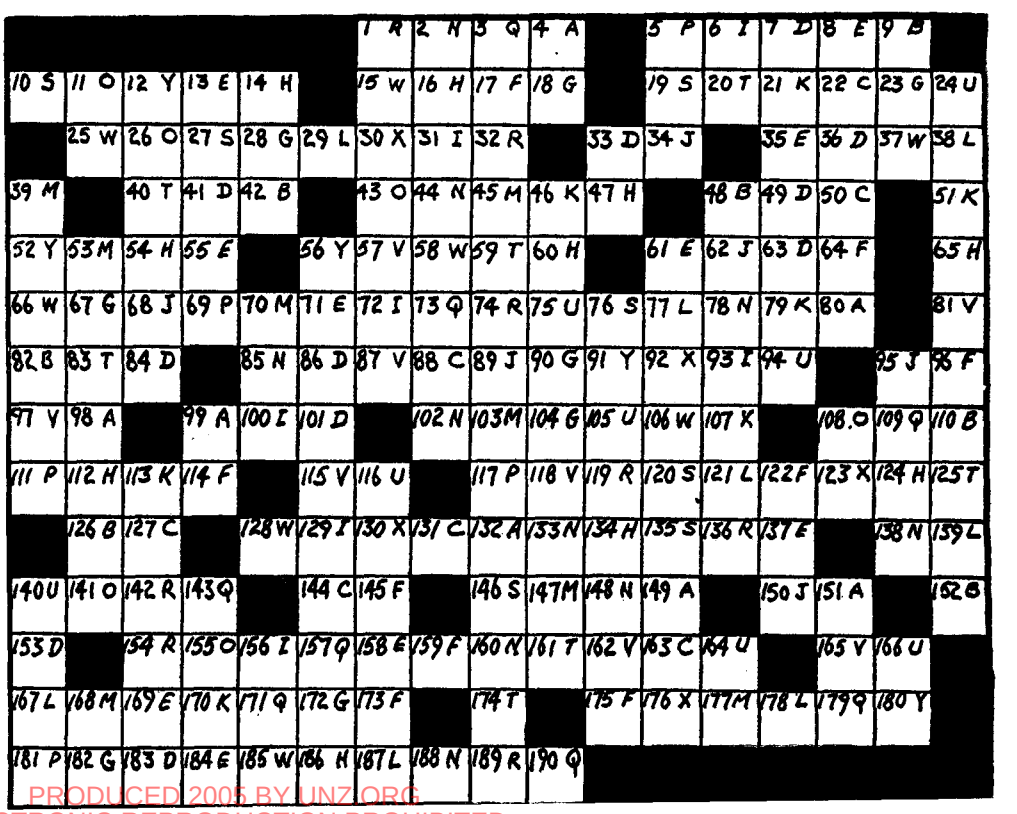
The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 60 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. French historian (1795-1856)
B. Robbery by an armed gang of not less than five (India).
C. A strait; a flux and reflux.
D. Former highest court of common law in England (one of two names for it).
E. Admitting of no deviation or turning aside.
F. City on Moray Firth, Scotland.
G. Oriental apparatus for smoking tobacco.
H. Outer garment made from certain waterproof material; the material itself.
I. First U. S. commissioner to China under the treaty of 1845 (1790-1847).
J. Mfg. and commercial town in W. Szechwan province, China.
K. English satirical poet (1653-1683).
L. "Republic" of which Beyrouth is capital.
M. Adjective applied as a "Bard" to Shakespeare.
N. First name of a Russian prominent in UNO.
O. Basis (in title) of a "Comedy" by Shakespeare.
P. To stir up.
Q. Nickname for Idaho (2 wds.)
R. Intermittently (3 wds.)
S. Taking slack out of the muscles of.
T. Member of a numerous low caste in India; common laborers, etc.
U. Silly or feeble-minded person.
V. Kind of carpet or upholstery fabric with a velvety pile.
W. To begin; commence.
X. Bird in a familiar song from "The Mikado" (Ko-Ko to Katisha).
Y. Changsha is its capital.

WORDS

132	98	99	149	151	4	80				
42	82	110	126	152	48	9				
50	22	127	144	131	88	163				
183	36	84	63	41	101	33	7	153	86	49
184	55	71	61	169	8	13	158	137	35	
96	145	159	173	122	64	17	175	114		
18	28	67	23	172	90	104	182			
65	112	54	16	186	124	14	134	60	47	
129	6	31	156	93	72	100				
34	89	68	62	150	95					
21	79	113	51	170	46					
38	121	167	77	29	139	187	178			
103	70	53	147	168	39	45	177			
148	138	133	188	44	160	102	78	85	2	
26	108	11	155	141	43					
181	111	69	117	5						
157	3	179	143	190	73	171	109			
1	154	119	189	74	32	136	142			
146	76	120	19	135	27	10				
83	20	174	161	125	40	59				
164	166	116	75	24	105	140	94			
81	115	87	118	162	165	97	57			
185	106	37	128	66	58	25	15			
30	176	130	107	123	92					
56	52	91	12	180						



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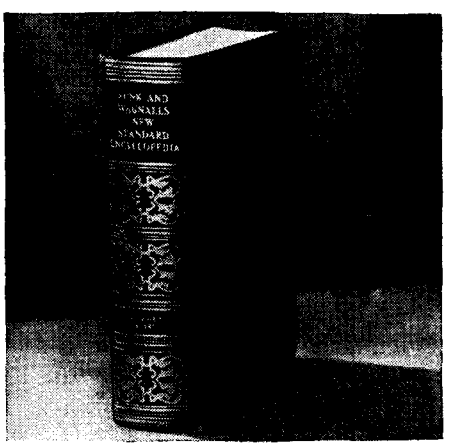

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